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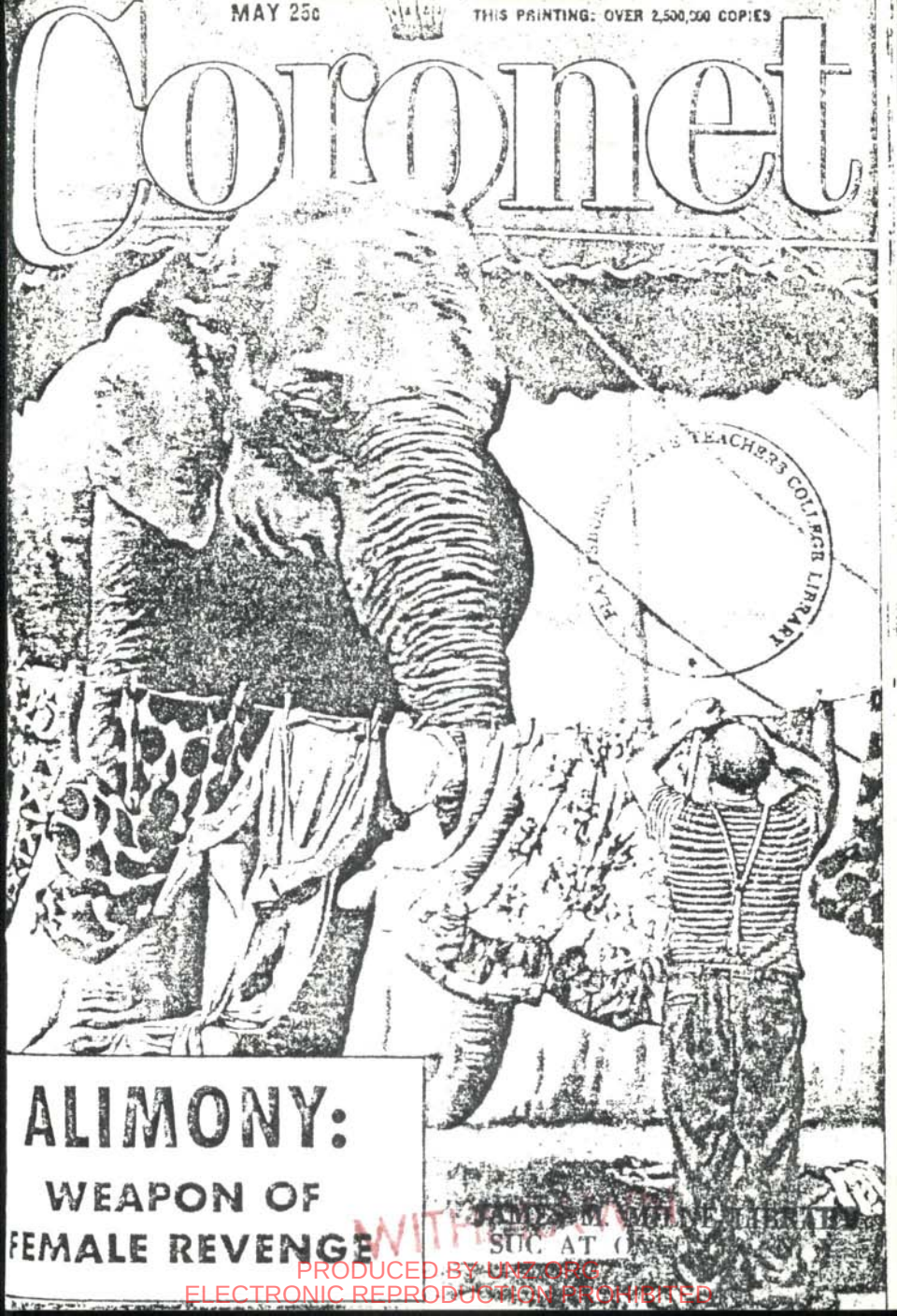

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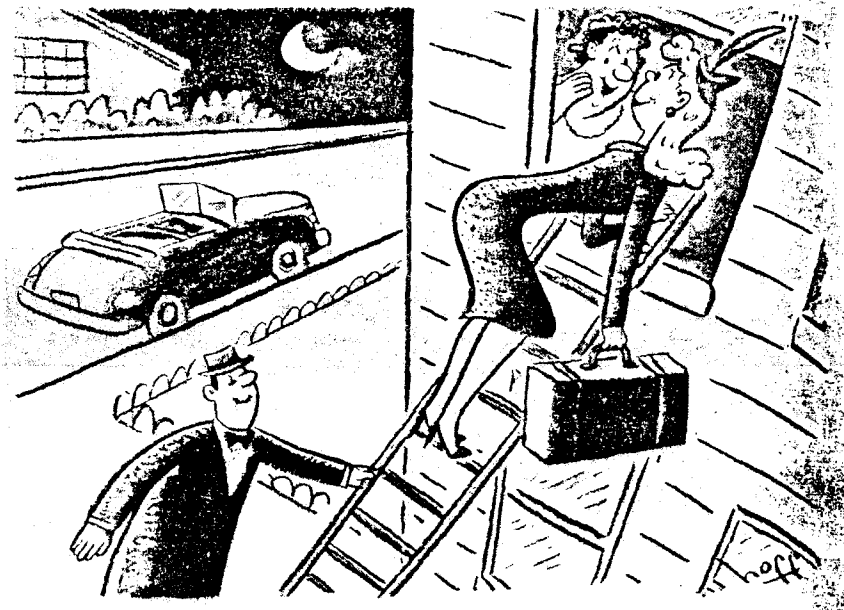

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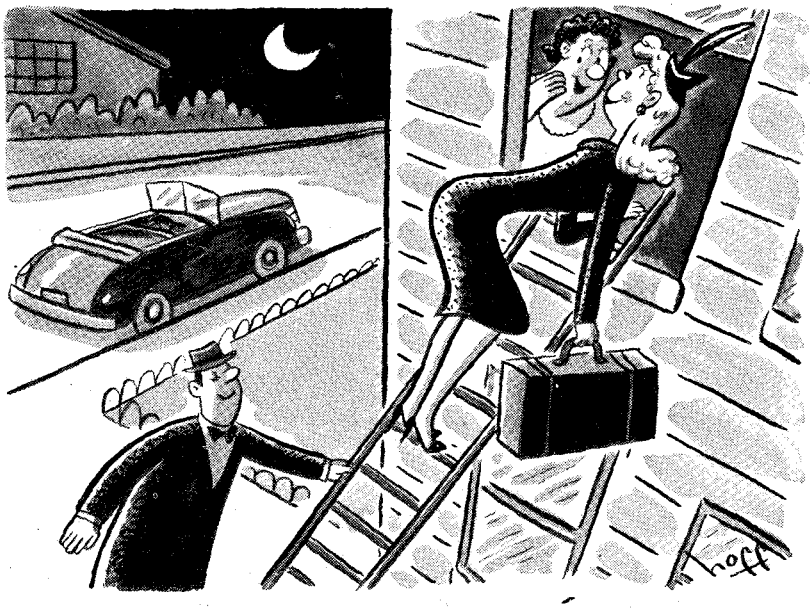

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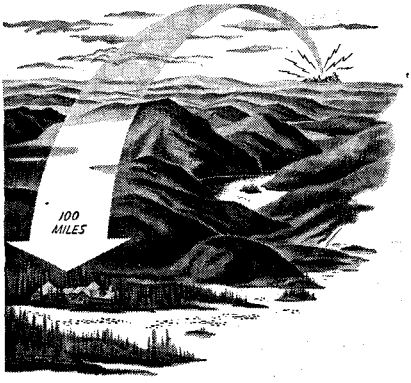

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General Electric Company, Syracuse, New York

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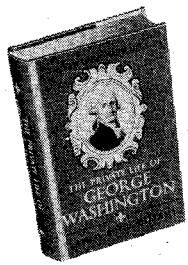

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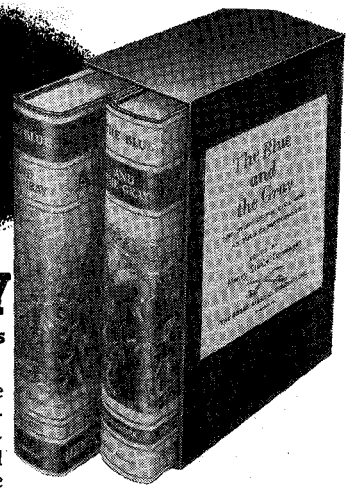

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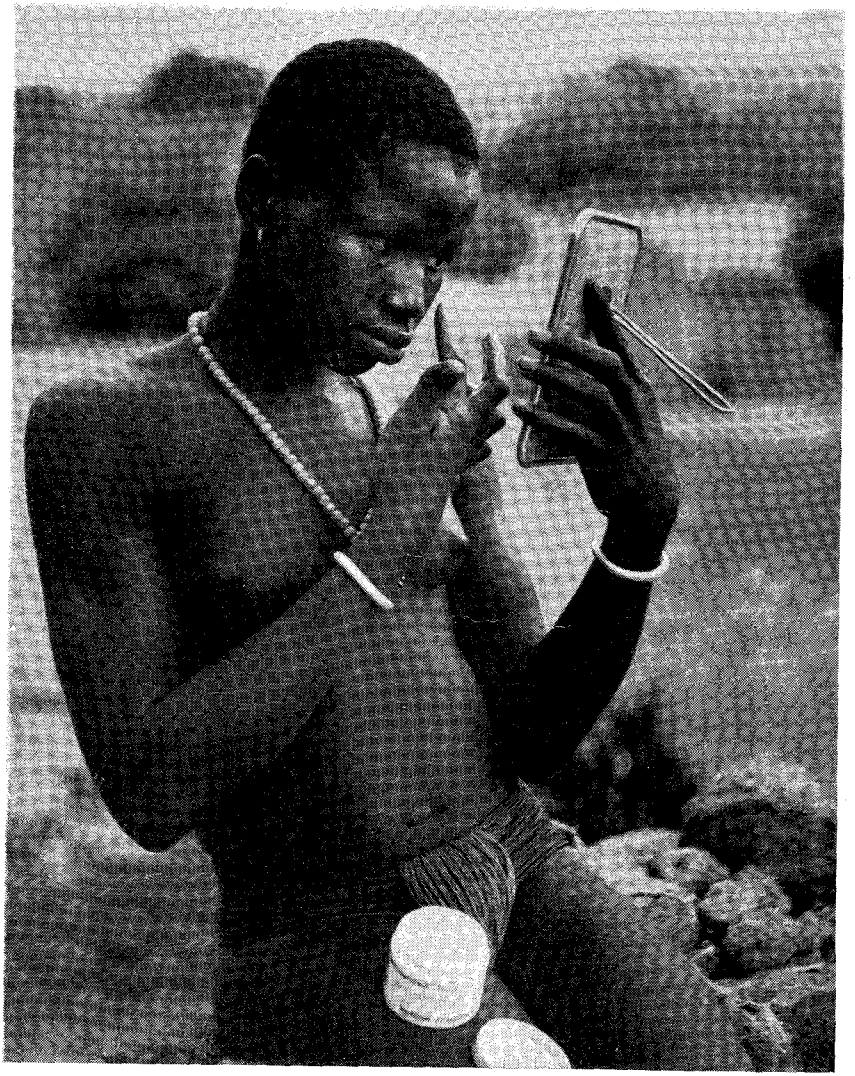
JUNGLE



ABOUT 350 YEARS AGO, Shakespeare made an observation so astute that its universality remains unquestioned today. "There was never yet fair woman," he said, "but she made mouths in a glass." So it is not surprising to see

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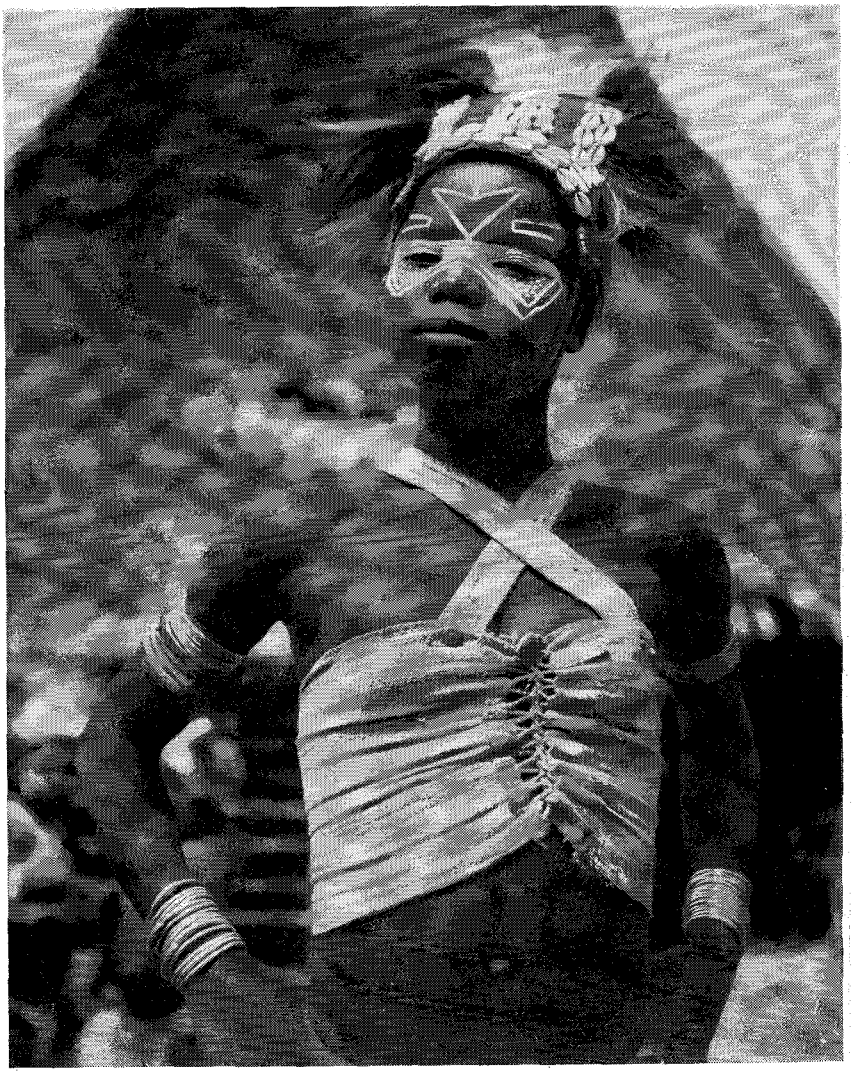
BELLES



these fair damsels of the Ivory Coast primping and posing in their African habitat. Their styles are different, their make-up daring. But the results, obviously intended to attract a young man, are the same the world over.

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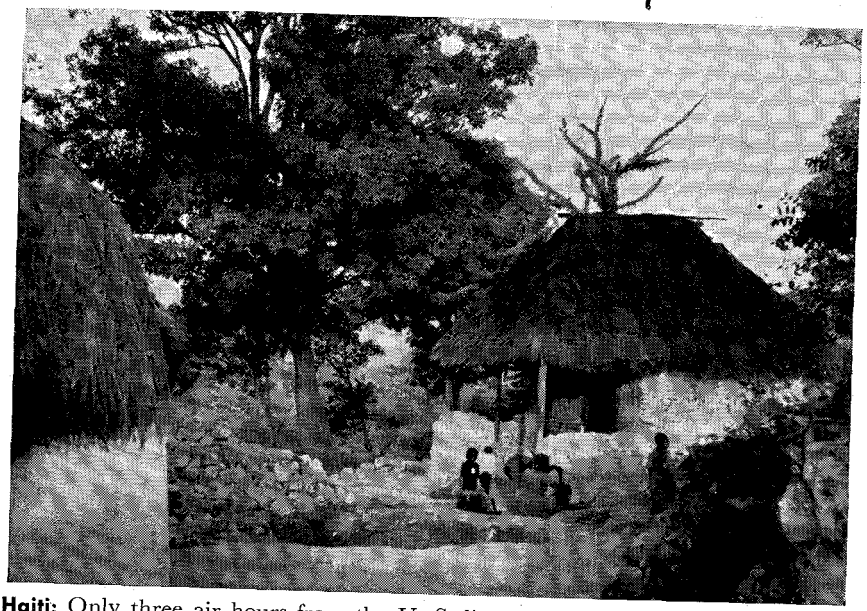
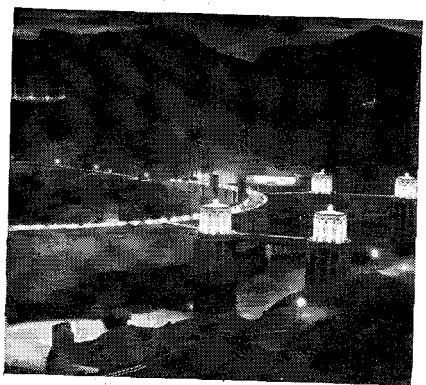
Going Away in May?



Haiti: Only three air hours from the U. S. lies a world of dark fascination and rugged beauty. High in the mountain fastnesses of this tiny republic, you can hear the beat of voodoo drums, and see the ceremonies of an ancient people.



Nevada: During Helldorado, Las Vegas becomes a frontier town again. But nearby is Hoover Dam, a massive, stunning tribute to modern engineering.

Norway: The Land of the Midnight Sun celebrates its Independence Day in May, with a whirl of pageantry and color amid Norway's constant beauty.

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Sister Act

THE MOST PROFICIENT sister act in professional golfdom is staged by the beautiful Bauers, Marlene (*left*) and Alice. Only 18 and 24 respectively, they may grow up to find no more worlds to conquer, no one to beat but each other.

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Doctor does good Deed

Good news for women in the field of monthly sanitary protection

Physician invents Tampax for internal use

Speaking practically, not many recent inventions have benefited women more than Tampax. Perfected by a doctor for monthly use, Tampax is based on the recognized medical principle of internal absorption. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed in disposable applicators, Tampax is readily and comfortably inserted. In fact, the wearer cannot feel its presence!

Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky external pads. With Tampax there is no odor or chafing. Nor bulges or ridges under close fitting dresses. You can wear Tampax while swimming and during tub or shower bath! It is really a wonderful invention!

The small size of Tampax allows you to carry a month's supply in your purse; also disposal is made particularly easy. So you see Tampax is designed in many ways to take the load off your mind on "those days." ...At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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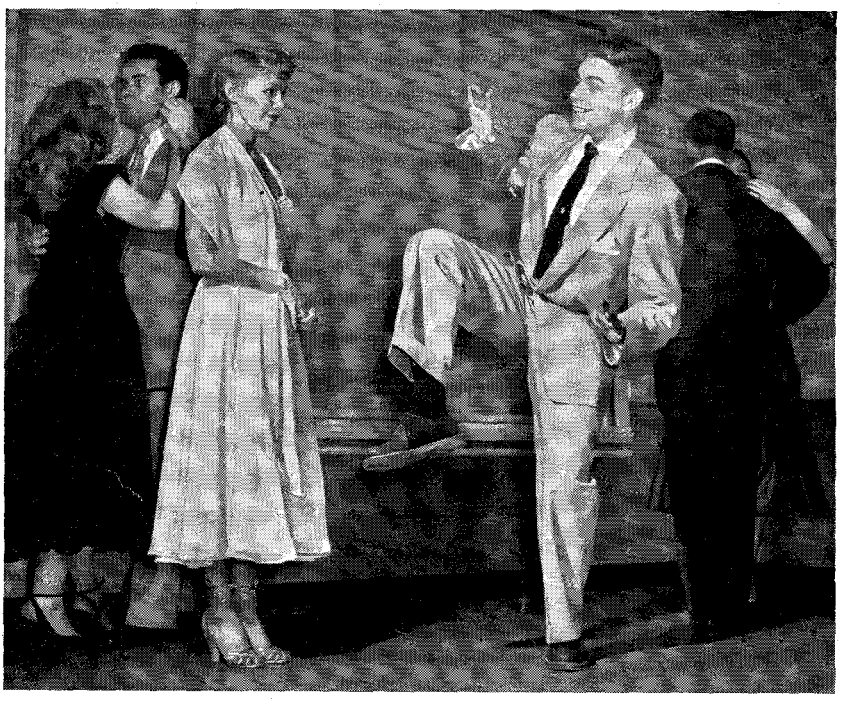

Ballroom Bore Number One: the genius who suddenly decides to do a solo.

Ballroom Bores

WHENEVER A GROUP of people get together for an evening of dancing, chances are that among them will be at least one Ballroom Bore who will ruin the fun. He (though it can just as easily be a she) makes a nuisance of himself by disregarding the pleasure of privacy of others on the floor.

No gathering can protect itself from the delinquent dancers. Usually, they are not detectable until the music starts —and then it is too late.

Because these people mostly violate unwritten laws, it is difficult to evict them from the scenes of their crimes. However, they bring punishment upon themselves, for eventually nobody will dance with them.

With some, this is not enough to make them realize that they are guilty of breaking the rules. Ignored by others, they console themselves by deciding that everybody else in the party is getting rather dull.

Thus, the offenders blunder onwards, like bulldozers on a battlefield. Unfortunately, they cannot be banished to some desert island. What, then, is the solution? Perhaps it is here on these pages, which may serve as a mirror for the guilty, so that they can see themselves and mend their ways.

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The smoking dancer not only becomes a fire hazard, but fills his partner with a fear that she'll be branded for life.

Emotional dancers who are overwhelmed by the romantic lyrics of a song only embarrass everybody else in the room.

Nobody is more unwelcome on a dance floor than the athletic couple who cavort as if they were out on a football field.

When a dance is finished, a lady simply expects her partner to escort her from the floor, not run interference for her.

The pleasure of dancing can be ruined by the enthusiastic male who crushes his helpless partner in a painful death grip.

Flirting on the dance floor is the quickest way for a girl to incur the righteous wrath of two people: her date and his.

Posed by instructors of the Arthur Murray Dance Studio

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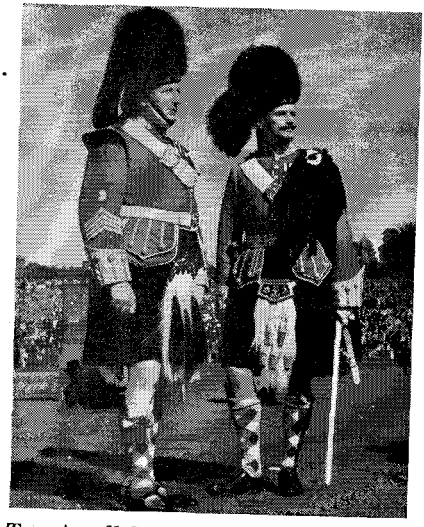
Changeless Britain



Two Argyll Southerland Highlanders, in classic garb, watch clan competition.

Since 1714, Thames boatmen have competed for the royal bargeman's prize.

The Queen's Pursuivant is charged with the duty of guarding emblems of royalty.

Today, as always, the Horse Guardsmen stand at the gates of Buckingham Palace.

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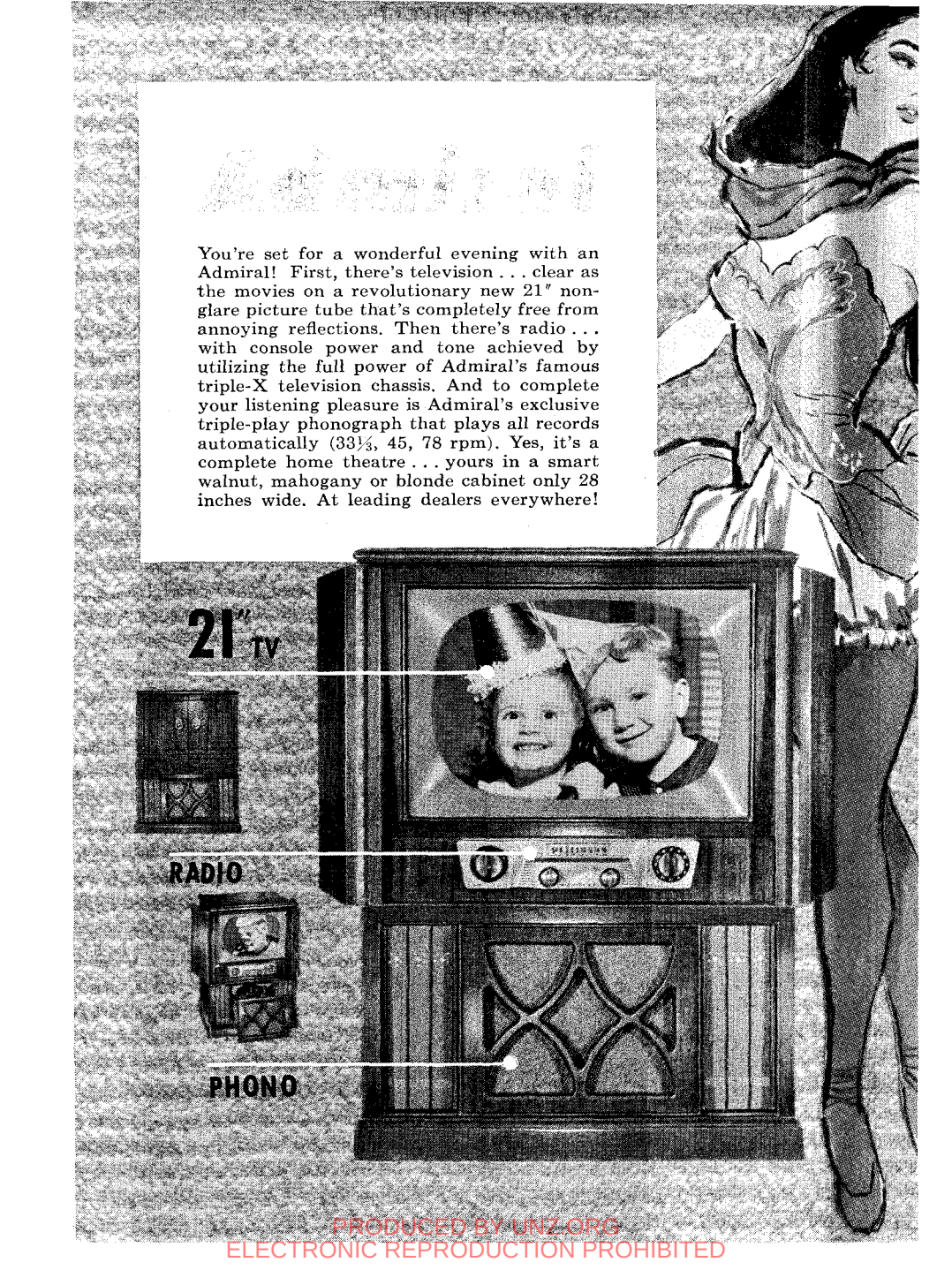
You're set for a wonderful evening with an Admiral! First, there's television . . . clear as the movies on a revolutionary new 21″ non-glare picture tube that's completely free from annoying reflections. Then there's radio . . . with console power and tone achieved by utilizing the full power of Admiral's famous triple-X television chassis. And to complete your listening pleasure is Admiral's exclusive triple-play phonograph that plays all records automatically (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm). Yes, it's a complete home theatre . . . yours in a smart walnut, mahogany or blonde cabinet only 28 inches wide. At leading dealers everywhere!
21" TV
RADIO
PHONO

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Sandburg and his wife do some chores; daughter Helga and her husband the rest.

The poet accompanies a folk singer.

His grandchildren help—and learn.

Carl Sandburg: Farmer

ONCE, CARL SANDBURG sang the praises of the cities and the prairies of the Midwest. He eulogized Chicago and told the monumental story of Lincoln, the man. Now, in his twilight years, the patriarchal poet has turned to the soil. He still stays up all night to write, but on his North Carolina farm, Connemara, Sandburg has found the solace and solitude of one who loves the land.

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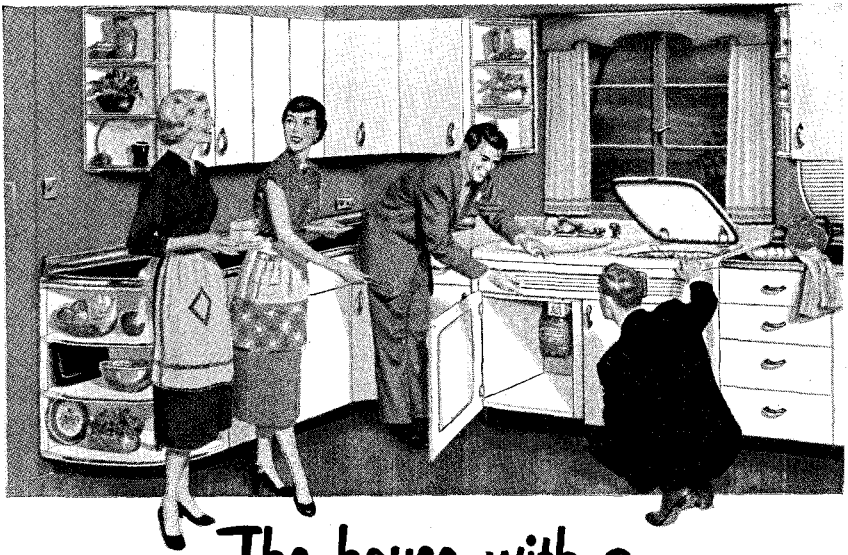

The house with a Youngstown Kitchen is worth more!

Time and work saved in a Youngstown Kitchen makes your house worth more.

And this is lasting value—because a sturdy steel Youngstown Kitchen *stays* lovely. The Jet-Tower** Dishwasher gets dishes hygienically clean in booster-heated water. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer shreds away food waste.

Let your factory-trained dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature, how to save on installation, how easy it is to finance. If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll *save!*

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WARREN, OHIO

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Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.

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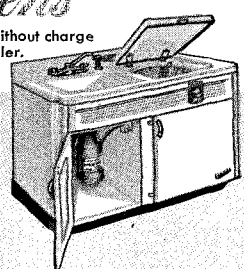
SPECIAL $100.00* ALLOWANCE

Offer ends May 31, 1952

To introduce the new 1952 Youngstown Kitchens 48″ Jet-Tower** Dishwasher with Hydro-Electric Control—thousands of dealers are making the above offer to purchasers who will promise to show and explain it to five friends, neighbors, or relatives.

Watch your local newspapers for the announcements of dealers in the U.S. who are making this offer.

*$75.00 allowance on the 27″ model.



Food Waste Disposer and rinse spray available at extra cost.

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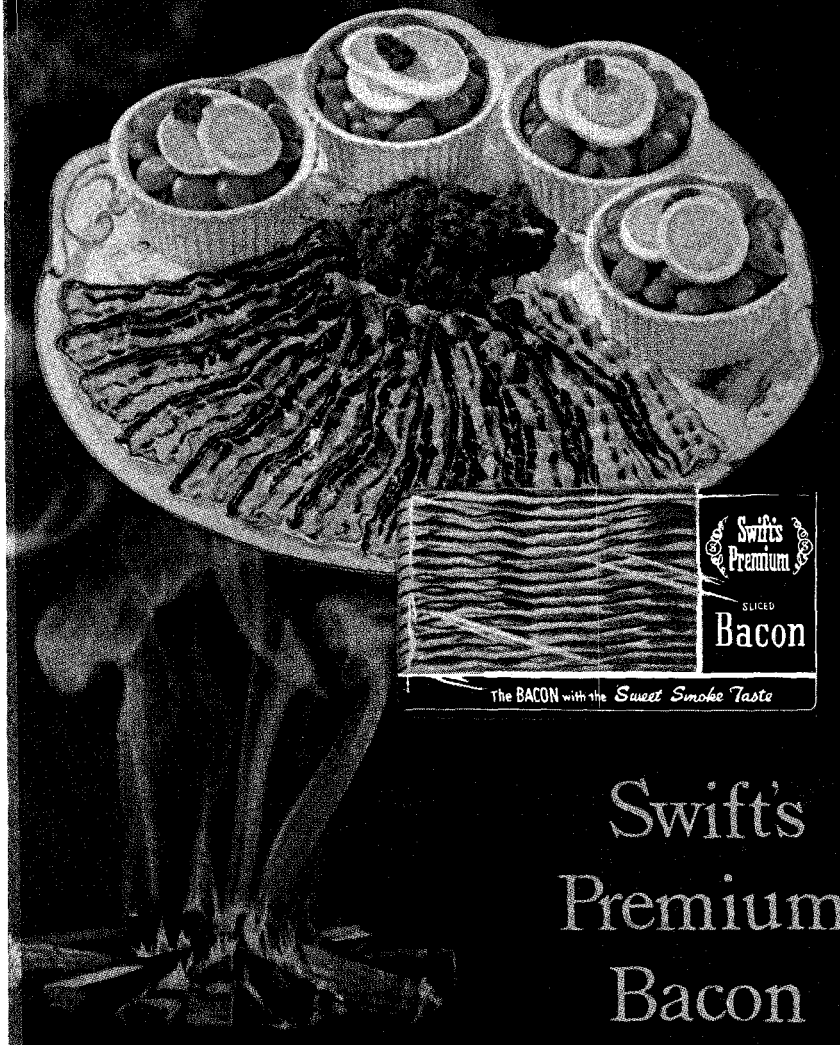
There's nothing just as good as Swift's Premium Bacon with its

sweet smoke taste!



Swift's Premium Bacon

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Coronet Vol. 32, No. 1. May, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

The Good New Days!

by JOEL EDWARDS

EVERY TIME I HEAR somebody talk about "the good old days" I think of an incident last autumn. My wife had a bad cold. Her nose turned a fiery pink. Nothing really alarming—until suddenly the pain became unbearable.

I rushed her to a doctor. As she reported later, he took one quick look at her, shrugged, and casually said, "Hmmm." Then he gave her an injection and told her to come back in three days. The whole thing took two minutes.

As we were leaving I asked him, "What is it?"

"Nothing much," he said. "Erysipelas."

When we got home I looked it up in the dictionary. The terrible words *often fatal* struck my eye. Frantically I called the doctor on the phone.

He laughed at me. "Your dictionary's old-fashioned," he said. "It must have been published before penicillin." Then his voice turned serious. "At that," he added, "your wife's lucky she got it now, instead of ten years ago. She might have been a goner."

The "good old days" weren't so wonderful after all—and my wife is here to prove it.

We moderns worry. We fret and wring our hands. The threat of war hangs over us. The atom bomb, in all its terror, is just waiting to go off.

True, war is horrible—and it would be foolish to laugh at the danger. Yet war is nothing new under the sun. In all the history of mankind there has seldom been a day when someone was not at war somewhere. In the story of civilization, war has been a constant burden. Mankind has always lived—and survived—under its shadow.

True, the atom bomb is the most fearful weapon ever invented. The

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first atom-bomb explosion in Japan took 75,000 lives. But think for a moment of the great plagues of history—those mysterious and terrifying waves of pestilence, their cause and cure unknown before the days of modern medical science, which have swept across the earth since the first recorded notes of history.

The Black Death, which engulfed Europe in the 14th Century, took *25 million* lives. Men could only sit and pray while they waited to be struck down. In many parts of Europe, once the terrible wave had passed, only one man in four remained alive.

In 1664 the Great Plague of London hit. Read Daniel Defoe's *A History of the Plague*, with its account of panic, flight, and bodies lying in the street, if you think that life is hard today.

Despite all the worries, despite all the real threat of war, despite the gaps that remain in medical knowledge, life has never been so secure as in today's America. Science has taken away the terror of childbirth, the risks of the infant's first vulnerable years, the constant threat of diphtheria, pneumonia, and smallpox.

We live a long time nowadays. The average man lives past 65, the average woman to 71. Death in the prime of life has become a rarity. The orphanage, for the children of parents struck down too young, is growing obsolete.

But it was not always that way. William Shakespeare wrote of a Romeo who was 14 and a Juliet who was 13. You had to love and marry young in those days. For most people, life was over by the age of 30 or 40. The young person who still had his parents by the time he reached adulthood was fortunate indeed.

We talk of the military draft as "taking two years out of the lives" of our young men. It does. And the recent war took several years out of the lives of 15 million young Americans, including me. But science has given us many more years than the draft can ever take away.

CONSIDERING THE perilous history of mankind in bygone centuries, most of us are lucky to be alive at all—certainly those of us who are over 30 or 40, or who have suffered, from time to time, infirmities of the flesh that once were sure to be fatal.

We are particularly lucky to be alive in this grand year of 1952. Our blessings are almost too legion to count. In our modern America, for example, who goes hungry? By the standards of the past, no one does. The most poverty-stricken citizen enjoys a diet beyond the fondest dreams of most of humanity in years gone by.

Starvation was once a greater threat than war. It still is in less-fortunate parts of the world. But modern farming methods have conquered soil depletion, plant diseases, insect plagues, and even drought. The ordinary citizen today enjoys a bounty of food that was once only for kings.

And what king ever had our creature comforts? None, until a time within the memory of men still alive, ever had a furnace to keep him warm, an electric light to read by, or an electric refrigerator to provide cool drinks in the summer.

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What king ever had such sumptuous entertainment? Today the phonograph and the radio bring the world's greatest music to the home of the humblest man. The movies have made the world's greatest drama a pleasure for the many instead of for the few. Television brings right into the average living room such entertainment as was seldom seen in the old palaces.

I laugh at my high-brow friends who claim that television and movies are cheap and silly. For I know a little bit about what passed for the "art" of the legitimate theater in years gone by. I have read the scripts of some of the plays that were presented on Broadway in the so-called Gay Nineties, and my father and grandfather have told me something of the touring companies that took them around to the smaller cities and towns. Even the B pictures of today bring to the crossroads a better type of entertainment than was available in the largest cities a half-century ago.

And how much more time we have to enjoy our blessings! The farmer, a half-century ago, worked laboriously from dawn to dusk with his horse and plow. His wife put up all her own food, cooked it on a wood stove, made her own soap in an iron kettle, broke her back and skinned her knuckles over an old-fashioned washboard.

Today the farmer has a tractor, a combine—and often a limousine to whisk his family over all-weather roads for a shopping or pleasure trip to the city. His wife works in a spotless all-electric kitchen.

A half-century ago the laboring man worked 10 hours a day or even 12—always six days a week and sometimes seven. He returned home exhausted, ate his meager supper, and went to bed. Today he works 40 hours a week or less—and has plenty of time to enjoy his automobile, his radio, his television, his garden, and his bowling league. In terms of enjoyment, he has more wealth than the richest man of the Gay Nineties.

His children are going to school—certainly all the way through grade school, probably through high school and quite likely even through college. It was not like that in the past. Child labor, caused purely and simply by the hard necessities of earning a living before science conquered nature, has been a crying problem of civilization until very recently.

Two generations ago, it was commonplace for half-grown boys and girls to go to work in field and factory. Illiteracy was widespread in our land. Where are the boys and girls today who have to sign their names with an X?

ACCORDING TO the historians, there have been golden ages before ours. The old Greek civilization is supposed to have been one of them. But among the ancient Greeks civilization was a privilege enjoyed by the few—who rose on the weary shoulders of the slaves they captured in combat.

Ancient Rome is said to have been a great place. But the Romans, too, lived on conquest and exacted their luxuries as a tribute from the hard-driven peoples they ruled. And even in Rome the most "civilized" entertainment consisted in throwing Christians to the lions.

Perhaps you would like to have

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been a Knight of the Round Table in the romantic days of King Arthur? But how would you like to have been what most people were in that era—serfs eking out a painful living from the soil and dependent for their very lives on the whims of their masters?

Even in America we hanged "witches" from the gallows a scant 300 years ago. In dozens of frontier towns there was no law but the gun, and only the man who was quick on the draw could hope to protect himself, his family, and his property.

Never in all history have there been such blessings as those we enjoy today. Never before have they been gained by man's own intelligence and skill, without imposing on other men. Never before has every man's home—not just the home of the strong, the rich, or the royal-born—been really his castle. Never did men walk in such equality, freedom, trust, and wealth.

We have our problems, to be sure. All men have had them, every day throughout man's long history. But never did mankind have so much to repay him for the struggle.

Life has always been dangerous; perhaps God willed it so. But never before has it had so many compensations for so many people.

Count your blessings and balance them against your troubles. I myself need only count to one. I have my wife. Had she and I been born even ten years sooner, that great privilege would no longer be mine.

On the Home Front

"I SEE," REMARKED young Mr. Brown, "that a man who speaks six languages has just married a woman who speaks three."

"That," replied the long-wedded Mr. Jones, "seems to be about the right handicap."

"GEORGE," said the petulant little woman, suddenly resolved upon compromise, "I want you to forget that I told you I didn't mean what I said about not taking back my refusal to change my mind. I've been thinking it over and I've decided that I was wrong in the first place."

George didn't make the mistake of trying to ponder this remarkable statement. Taking its beautiful author into his arms, he replied, "Darling, you don't mean it?"

And another crisis was past.

—*Wall Street Journal*

A TIRED BUSINESSMAN'S grueling day at the office was capped by his wife's announcement that the cook had walked out.

"Again?" moaned the husband. "What was the trouble this time?"

"You were!" charged the wife. "She said you used insulting language to her over the phone this morning."

"Good grief!" confessed the husband. "I thought all the time I was talking to *you*." —BENNETT CERF

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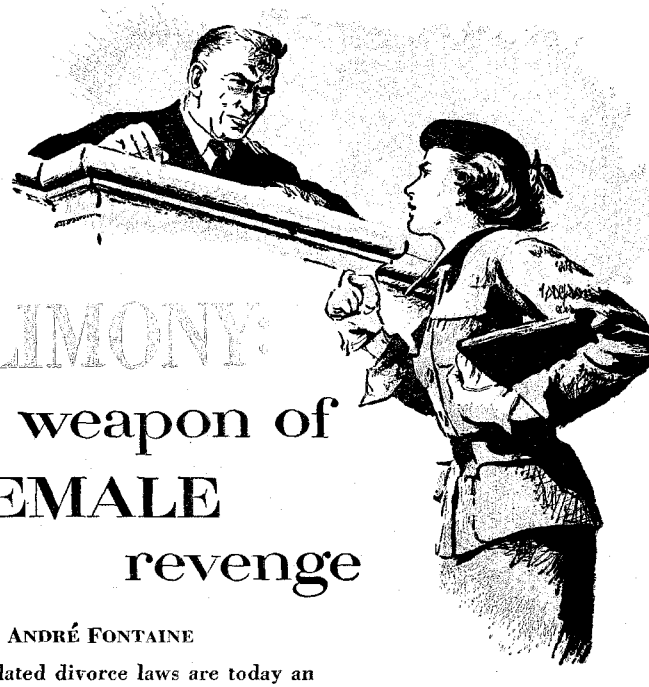

ALIMONY: weapon of FEMALE revenge

by ANDRÉ FONTAINE

Our outdated divorce laws are today an instrument for spite and legal vengeance

THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED six years, had no children, and were highly incompatible when the husband fell in love with another woman. It wasn't just a flirtation; he wanted to marry the girl.

His wife was furious, not because she didn't want to get rid of him but because he preferred another woman. She determined to prevent him from getting the other lady.

She chose alimony as her weapon. She didn't need money, because she had a substantial income. She sued for a judicial separation, and demanded alimony and counsel fees. She charged that her husband was making $1,000 a month, and asked $100 a week alimony.

"I want to fix him so he can't afford to live with that woman!" she told her husband's lawyer.

With pay-roll records, the husband was able to prove that his income was only $600 a month, but the judge gave the wife $40 a week. The husband later got a Reno divorce, married the other woman, and is living happily with her. But his new family is forever saddled with the $40-a-week tribute to a spiteful woman's vengeance.

This is not an unusual case. The details vary, but the pattern is repeated over and over again in most of our 48 states. And the reason is the law itself. Under matrimonial laws in most states, real justice is possible only when judges and lawyers either skirt the law or break it

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outright. About the only exception is the husband who is trying to run out on the family he has tired of. When a court gets hold of one of these, it can dispense real justice and stay within the law.

The law, however, always favors the woman. American matrimonial statutes vary from state to state, but all are firmly anchored in ancient English Common Law. When this was first set down, women had no rights at all—they were literally the property of husbands. If wives were divorced, the only out for them was the brothel or the river. A respectable spinster might get a job as a governess, but a divorcée—never.

So common law protected her by requiring that a husband support his wife as long as he lived. If the couple were divorced through no fault of the wife's, the husband must continue to support her, and the support was called "alimony." The law said that alimony was a special kind of income—it could not be garnisheed by creditors. And the husband could not escape the obligation by going into bankruptcy.

Not content, the law went further and gave the courts power to enforce alimony payments by holding the nonpaying husband in contempt and heaving him into prison until he got up the money. This is the legal justification for today's ill-famed alimony jail; though the Constitution prohibits debtor's prison, the debt of alimony is not included in the law.

THE TERRIFIC EDGE that the law gives women over their husbands can become a weapon of terror. And, says Arthur L. Peterson, executive director of the Inter-Professional Commission on Marriage and Divorce Laws, "In the overwhelming majority of cases, the woman isn't out for money; she's out for revenge." Often she is aided in her campaign by shrewd, high-priced lawyers who will take her case in preference to her husband's, because the court orders the husband to pay her counsel fees, but does not order him to pay his own.

In a case during the Depression, a husband asked to have his alimony reduced because his income had dropped drastically. The court refused. "Before the depression brought this distress," wrote the judge, "fortune had smiled on the husband, and if he had been provident as normal individuals usually are, he would have provided for all possible exigencies."

In state after state, the sanctity of alimony has been upheld. In case after case where ex-husbands with reduced incomes have tried to get their alimony cut, the courts have ignored a man's actual earnings and have based payments on what they thought the woman *should* get.

Ordinarily, a man can't escape the ceaseless drain of alimony by settling a fixed sum on his wife—except in a few states, like Oklahoma, where the law requires that all alimony be part of a pre-fixed total. In many cases, if a man gets his wife to accept a lump-sum settlement, she can go back later and get more money anyway.

Because spite is one of the chief characteristics of matrimonial cases and because the law so favors the woman, judges and lawyers have worked out devices which try to offset the favoritism. Admittedly

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they skirt the law and sometimes they break it.

There was a case during World War II in which the judge violated the most ironclad provision of common law—that a man must support his wife. The couple were separated, the husband paying alimony. When he went into the army, he asked to be exempted from payments. The judge agreed, "even though the woman is wholly dependent on the alimony, there exist public agencies to which as the wife of a soldier she may apply and receive relief.

"There are times," he concluded, "when justice must remove the blindfold even though the letter of the law be aggrieved."

In a similar attempt to provide justice, lawyers have devised a number of dodges. One of them is separation agreements. In the vast majority of divorces today, the court does not have to bother with fixing alimony—it is negotiated ahead of time by the man and wife. They sign an agreement containing the terms and, usually, a clause stating that if "at any future time" the couple are divorced, this agreement shall become a part of the decree. As soon as it is signed, the wife takes off for Reno.

Separation agreements in themselves are not illegal, but the law holds that a man and wife can't agree to get a divorce. If they do, it is "collusion" and the judge is required to throw out the case. That is why an estimated 85 to 90 per cent of divorce cases today go through the legal mockery of "uncontested divorces." The defendant can't agree to the suit, so he just doesn't show up in court.

To the extent that separation agreements are agreements to divorce, they violate the ban on "collusion." But even though they are thus outside the law, the law's favoritism for the wife provides her with a large club with which to beat her husband into line. A recent case shows how it works:

The wife had gone sour on the marriage. She refused to do housework; she was so extravagant her husband was constantly in debt; she went out alone and stayed until all hours. Finally she packed up and left for good.

Soon the wife got a lawyer and demanded that the husband give support money. Now, actually, the husband had a good case against her: he could charge her with cruelty and desertion, and had evidence to make it stick. On these grounds he could have gone to court and won a legal separation. But he was afraid to.

Her lawyer carefully pointed out the dangers. For one thing, he said, if he had to prepare a court case, his fees would naturally be much higher—about $1,000—and of course the court would order the husband to pay them. For another, if the husband went to court, the wife would deny that she had deserted him and charge that he had driven her from the home.

This, said her lawyer, would raise the question of who was guilty—since present laws must always find one or the other guilty—and in cruelty cases judges and juries almost always favor the woman.

Furthermore, he added, your wife thinks you've been gypping the government by not reporting all your income; and this would have to be looked into by the court before it

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ruled on the amount of alimony. (The husband wasn't gypping Uncle Sam, but the charge alone might have cost him his job.)

Once you get into court, the lawyer concluded wisely, you never know what might happen. Now wouldn't it be more sensible to avoid trouble by just agreeing to give your wife $20 a week?

The lawyer was absolutely right. The husband was hooked. His attorney advised him to sign on the line and start paying. He did.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER to today's alimony scandal? It is found in eliminating the cause of all these abuses—the outdated, unrealistic provisions of the law itself. Foremost among these is the concept of guilt and punishment which lies at the heart of all divorce laws.

The statutes say that, in a divorce, one party or the other must be found guilty, and practice shows that it is usually the husband who assumes this role—out of misguided chivalry. But who is guilty when a marriage breaks up?

In their concentration on finding one party guilty and one innocent, our divorce laws, says Judge Paul W. Alexander of Toledo, Ohio, are a "legal horror." Recently, Judge Alexander was named chairman of the Inter-Professional Commission on Marriage and Divorce Laws, a new organization with a unique and hopeful program aimed at changing those laws. The Commission, sponsored by the American Bar Association, plans a many-sided attack on the causes of broken marriages. It includes in its membership not only lawyers and judges, but prominent sociologists, educators, doctors, editors, and clergymen. It will start with the assumption that the present "philosophy of guilt and punishment" in marriage laws is wrong; instead, the law, the courts, and the community should combine their resources in an effort to cure marriages that are diseased and dying.

It will seek to have all marital cases placed in family courts where compulsory counseling service, cooling-off periods, and the cooperation of community social agencies will try to prevent a breakup. The aim will be to make settlements on the basis of the welfare of the whole family, rather than on purely legalistic grounds. And if the marriage can't be saved, then let the couple split up with dignity and let their property be divided equitably.

"In many cases the marriage might be saved if the parties were exposed to compulsory counseling," says Petersen, the Commission's director. "And if people have to get a divorce, they ought not to have to commit perjury to do it.

"The law," he adds with magnificent understatement, "works artificially. It strikes at the symptoms, not the causes."

Rural Reminder

When Daylight-saving Time starts, don't forget to set the rooster ahead one hour. —HILDA HEYM

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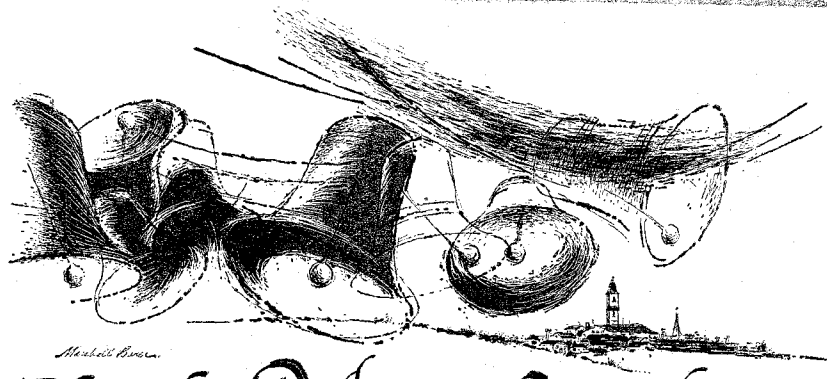

Church Bells on Saturday

How an American woman transplanted to her own country a dream and a tradition

by **HAROLD HELFER**

AT EVENTIDE on Saturdays, the sound of church bells is heard throughout the Eastern States, announcing in ringing tones that a new American tradition has come alive. Behind the fast-spreading movement is the wife of an Army colonel, who has found a new symbol for faith in mankind.

While in Europe, where her husband served with the occupation forces, Mrs. T. R. Horn vacationed in Zurich, Switzerland. She was crossing a bridge one Saturday evening when suddenly the air was filled with the carillon harmony of the city's church bells. Startled, she turned to a woman near her. "The bells?" asked Mrs. Horn. "Why are they ringing?"

The Swiss woman seemed surprised that anyone should ask such a question. "Because it is Saturday evening, of course," she said.

For Mrs. Horn, this was an inadequate explanation, and she asked, "But why should they ring on Saturday evening?"

"Because tomorrow is Sunday."

Mrs. Horn then learned that, for hundreds of years, this welcome to the Sabbath rang out from cathedrals in large cities, from churches in small towns, and from chapels in mountainside villages. And more recently, for those who lived beyond the range of the bells, the sound was broadcast by radio. Thus, for all Switzerland, the ringing voice of Saturday reminded the people that the next dawn would be Sunday, a day of worship.

This serenity, Mrs. Horn knew, was far different from Saturday night in America. As twilight rolled westward across the U. S., the nation cocked its hat gaily for a night of fun. Yet this did not reflect the true spirit of the country, thought Mrs. Horn. So she decided to do something about it.

In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Horn

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told the story to a friend. It reached the ears of an area director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews and he suggested to the Conference that the church bells of the Capital should herald the beginning of Brotherhood Week in February. He also suggested that the bells should ring on Saturdays throughout the year, to remind people that in brotherhood lay the best hope for world peace.

Teen-agers of the Annandale Methodist Church in nearby Annandale, Virginia, heard the Washington bells, and they joined the observance. Then, soon, they had a question.

"Why not also give the bell-ringing the meaning it has in Switzerland, and why not invite our young people to crusade for this movement across the land?"

Other churches in Northern Virginia welcomed the idea, and before long bells rang the new vesper song in many Virginia communities. Through youth-group conferences and letters to friends, word of the custom spread, and joining the movement were churches in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas.

Everywhere the bells were rung by young people. When a Virginia church announced that its congregation had no teen-agers, youngsters of a different denomination went to the church to ring its bells. When a church in upstate New York found that its carillon demanded expert skill, several of its young people took lessons so that their church might also join in the program.

And so it has grown, this dream of an American woman who first heard the bells in a distant land and who transplanted the tradition to her own country. Those who have joined with her look to the day when church bells throughout America will lift their voices at eventide on Saturday, to welcome the Sabbath with a ringing prayer for brotherhood and peace.

Sportswise

IT TAKES YEARS of practice before a ski jumper stops looking like someone being thrown out of a saloon. —WALTER FREEMAN

THE MAN WHO WINS may have been counted out several times, but he didn't hear the referee.
—H. E. JANSEN (*Hudson Newsletter*)

WOOING IS the only sport where incomplete passes are followed by penalties, and wild pitches by strikes. —TERRY H. PROCH

EXCAVATORS in California found the remains of a prehistoric man with his arms outstretched, but failed to find the remains of the fish he was describing. —*The Salvo*

THE MAN WHO ROWS the boat generally doesn't have time to rock it. —*Delco Doings*

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Suppose It Happened to You?

by LOUIS WOLFE

IT WAS A WINDY NIGHT, and the temperature was near zero. The Smiths and their guests sat comfortably by the fireplace in their living room, watching a favorite television show.

Suddenly the set went dead. Smith checked the connections, then suggested, "Maybe the wind knocked down the aerial. I'll go out and take a look."

Smith slipped into a lumberjacket and stepped outside. He was right. The aerial, which stood alongside the smoking chimney, was bent. So he walked to the barn, got a ladder, and climbed to the roof.

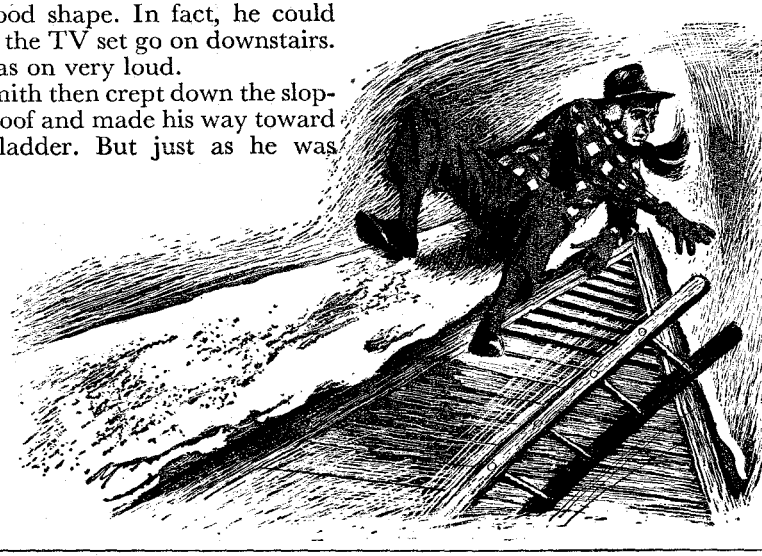
The cold wind numbed his fingers, but he soon had the aerial in good shape. In fact, he could hear the TV set go on downstairs. It was on very loud.

Smith then crept down the sloping roof and made his way toward the ladder. But just as he was about to put his foot on the first rung, a sudden gust blew the ladder to the ground.

Smith pounded on the roof to attract attention of his family. He shouted as loudly as he could. But no one heard him, no one came out. He then tested the rainspout to see if it would support him, but it was too weak.

Meanwhile, Smith's hands were slowly freezing, and his whole body was pierced by a raw chill. He knew that he would freeze to death if he didn't get off that roof soon. But how could he?

If you were in Smith's place, *what would you have done?* (Solution on page 127.)



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Tribute to a Man

by **J. P. FOLINSBEE**

UNTIL ONE STORMY DAY in February, 1950, householders in the Mayflower residential area of New Rochelle, New York, enjoyed an unusual postal service. Every morning and afternoon, three carriers brought their mail. One, a gentle-voiced man in gray, was called Bill; his two ragged-looking helpers were known as Butch and Jeff.

No one considered it odd that two of the mailmen were dogs, since the trio had faithfully covered the route together for more than 12 years. Even the dogs' dubious ancestry—Butch with a touch of beagle, Jeff showing a marked cousinship to collie or shepherd—lent distinction to the service.

Every weekday it was the same. When postman Bill stepped off the bus at the start of his route, passengers were amused by the mad scramble that ensued. The dogs often threatened to knock Bill down, so enthusiastically did they greet him. Then, like three reunited cronies, they would start down the street, Butch and Jeff trotting ahead, each carrying a packet of letters in his mouth.

Sundays, however, Butch and Jeff—almost as if they could read the calendar—luxuriated at home. They knew it was Bill's day off.

Sometimes Jeff, feeling his years a little, would loiter at the foot of some stairs or dash to wait at a strategic corner. "You lazy loafer," Bill would chide when he and Butch caught up, and Jeff would thump his tail, begging forgiveness.

Every day, of course, a few choice

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in Gray

bones appeared along the route. And at Christmas, gifts of dog biscuit and rubber bones nearly filled Bill's sack to overflowing. It was all part of a happy ritual . . .

Then, one bleak morning, a stranger in the familiar gray uniform got off the bus. Butch and Jeff looked up and cocked their tattered ears in disbelief. As the bus roared away, a lump formed in the stranger's throat. A tradition of 12 long years was ended.

How could he explain to Bill's devoted helpers that their adored friend had died during the night? There was no way. He couldn't tell them he had come to take Bill's place—because even on this sad day, the U.S. mail had to go through.

Slowly he lowered his sack to the ground. Silently, reproach in their eyes, Butch and Jeff edged away as he knelt to pet them. He called their names, but they stood in frozen silence, their tails flat to the sidewalk. Even when he scratched their ears, they submitted without a quiver of response.

Finally, very gently, he took two packets of letters from his sack. Perhaps these familiar tokens would bring understanding to the dogs' bewildered eyes. But no sooner had he placed the packets in their mouths than they dropped them at his feet. Reluctantly the new postman picked up the mail and started off alone. The dogs followed him with their eyes. But they did not stir from their corner.

That afternoon, dark clouds sent rain and sleet through the wintry streets. Storm-buffeted passengers disembarking from the bus at the corner hardly noticed the two dogs huddled together at the curb. But that night the driver reported that Butch and Jeff had kept vigil all day, rising hopefully as each bus approached and then sinking back to wait—apparently forever if need be—for a beloved figure in gray.

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OPERATION ICEPICK

by JOHN MALONEY

An amazing new surgical technique is speeding the fight on mental illness

A MENTAL PATIENT was wheeled into the operating room of a Washington, D.C., hospital. His case had been diagnosed as hopeless by psychoneurologists. Almost constantly depressed, there were periods when he became dangerously violent. A devoted family had reluctantly conceded that he would have to spend the rest of his life behind locked doors.

An intern administered a local anesthetic. Then the doctor, a famous neurologist, lifted a long sharp instrument from a tray and inserted it through the roof of the left eye into the brain. He made a few sweeping movements, then withdrew the instrument and repeated the penetration over the right eye. Ten minutes after the patient had been wheeled into the operating room, he was back in bed.

Two hours later he was sitting up, talking with doctors and nurses. That evening he ate dinner with obvious enjoyment. Next day he was walking around the corridors, joking with patients. No one unfamiliar with his case would have suspected that, 24 hours earlier, he had been an unruly mental patient.

The operation he had undergone was revolutionary, yet one so simple that it can be done by surgeons with only a little special training. The sole instrument used resembles an ordinary icepick. Yet it can change a patient's outlook, behavior, and personality in five minutes.

Dr. Walter Freeman, professor of neurology at George Washington University, introduced the technique into this country after reading, in an Italian medical journal, a report by Dr. A. M. Fiamberti of its use in Europe. Today, although hundreds of such operations have been performed with remarkably successful results, the operation still is stirring much controversy in medical circles—praised by many, still looked on with skepticism by some.

The Washington surgeon-professor has long been a brilliant innovator of new techniques, and a stormy petrel in the field of neurology. His efforts are largely responsible for the rapid growth and development of psychosurgery in

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this country, and have influenced surgery all over the world. Many men and women now gainfully employed owe their release from mental illness to this scrappy doctor, who wouldn't give up until he had convinced skeptical colleagues that his technique would work.

This new method of brain surgery is known as transorbital lobotomy—the severing of fibers in the two frontal lobes of the brain without cutting the skull open or exposing the brain to the surgeon's view. These sections of the brain control the intellect developed to high state only in primates—men and apes—and it is significant, or at least interesting, that two Yale University chimpanzees probably started it all.

Drs. John F. Fulton and C. F. Jacobsen, Yale physiologists, reported some 15 years ago that after frontal lobes of the chimps were removed the animals ceased fighting as they previously had done, responded with less anxiety to frustrating situations, and became placid and less irritable.

The Yale report was read by Dr. Egas Moniz of Portugal. If it worked on chimps, why shouldn't it relieve anxiety in certain cases of incurably distraught humans? His deductions brought him the Nobel prize in medicine in 1949.

WHEN LOBOTOMIES first were tried, they were not done by Dr. Freeman's simple method. The brain was reached by cutting two small openings in the skull. In his first operations, Dr. Freeman collaborated with Dr. James W. Watts, professor of neurosurgery at George Washington University. By 1948, they had performed 702 operations and had observed some patients as long as 14 years after surgery.

Patients whom they helped included those with dementia praecox (one of the more common types of insanity, characterized by introversion and distorted behavior), irrational depressions, and various types of psychoneuroses. They also learned that pain from certain types of incurable diseases could be relieved by the operation.

In 1946, after long study of anatomic relationships, Dr. Freeman felt he knew the brain sufficiently well to try the "blind" surgery advocated by Dr. Fiamberti in Italy. It worked, and instead of leaving two slow-mending apertures in the head, the patients had only temporary black eyes and no lasting scars.

Dr. Freeman himself has said: "Some of the black eyes are beauties. I usually ask patients' families to provide them with dark glasses rather than explanations. My parting words usually are 'No restrictions,' as patients leave the hospital."

When Dr. Freeman's "icepick" method was first reported, many brain surgeons hailed it as a great advance. Dr. Matthew Moore of the University of Pennsylvania reported 15 operations in 90 minutes —the time allotted to one ordinary-type operation. But there also were a few harsh criticisms.

Some psychiatrists objected to the operation because it rendered treatment of mental disorders "too technical." They claimed it took away the essential personal contact with patients. Gradually, however, neurologists and neurosurgeons in many state and private mental institutions accepted it.

Neither Dr. Freeman nor any

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other neurologist can predict exactly how individual patients will react after the lobotomy. There are no reported cases, however, where it has increased violent tendencies, anxiety, and depression, or the feeling of persecution that many types of insanity cause.

In addition to being useful in the treatment of psychoses and psychoneuroses, transorbital lobotomy has been found valuable in the relief of certain types of incurable and intractable pain. This is especially so in some cases of far-advanced cancer, in which pain has constituted the most severe symptom. Authorities stress the fact that lobotomy in no way treats or affects the cancer, but often may relieve the physical and some of the mental anguish caused by this dread disease.

Strangely, pain is a sensation not yet fully understood by medical authorities. Psychosurgeons report that after lobotomy operations many patients have matter-of-factly stated that pain was still present, but it did not bother them. This seems to indicate that pain and emotions are connected—but how?

Today, medical authorities say there are 8,500,000 psychiatric cases in the U. S. Of these 700,000 currently are occupying half of all hospital beds in this country. Annually, 210,000 new patients are being admitted to mental hospitals.

Dr. Freeman insists that, in view of these facts, psychosurgery should be made available to as many inmates of mental institutions as competent specialists feel can be improved by the operation. In this way, thousands of now "backward outcasts" might be restored to society. At the same time, much-needed hospital space and adequate care could be made available to other patients who urgently need it.

Cartoon Quotes

ONE SHOWGIRL to another: "He has all of those sterling qualities every woman wants—good looks, clean habits, spends his money like water . . ."

—D'ALESSIO (*Publishers Syndicate, Inc.*)

YOUNG MATRON looking at maternity-shop window: "If those dresses get any cuter, I'm gonna have another baby." —HERB CAEN

INSURANCE SALESMAN to prospect: "The benefits of this policy are so liberal that, frankly, all that keeps the company in business are a few little clauses in fine print . . ."

SECRETARY TO BOSS: "Mr. Burke, I wish you'd stop using words that will cause you to complain about my spelling!" —*Pipe Dreams*

WITCH DOCTOR to patient's wife: "I suggest a pinch of pulverized lizard's tongue, three drops of eagle's blood, and 125,000 units of penicillin." —PHILADELPHIA *Inquirer*

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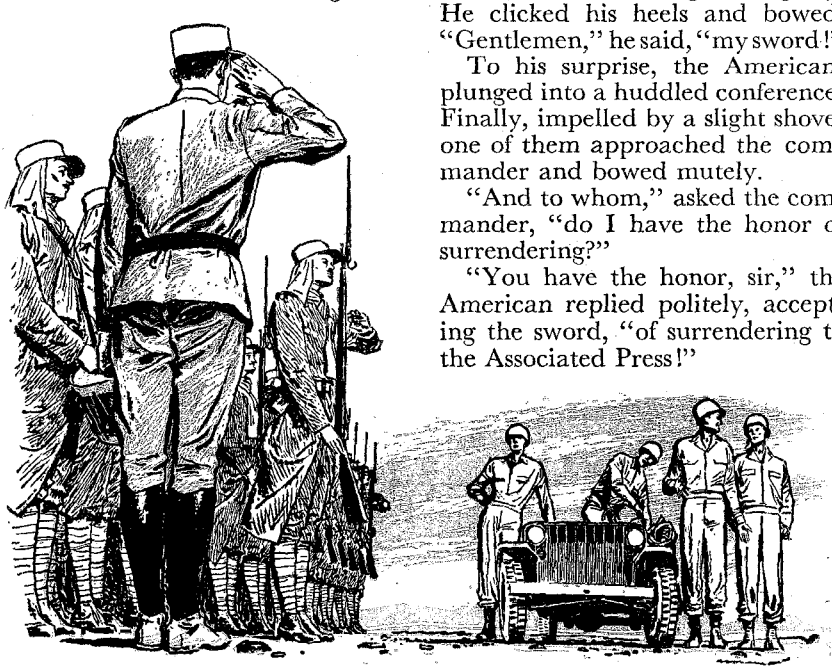
The Mighty Pen

by Charles Grant

Soon after U. S. forces landed in North Africa in World War II, the news swept across the desert to a remote French Foreign Legion outpost. Loyal to Free France, the commander assembled his troops.

"Men," he said, "we are in a unique position. The Americans are our friends. So now we must prepare to surrender to our Allies—a surrender in keeping with the dignity of France."

That night, the Legionnaires worked diligently to make the post bright and immaculate. Next morning a guard shouted excitedly: "The Americans are coming!"



In the distance a jeep chugged across the dunes, carrying four uniformed Americans.

"How brave they are!" the French commander said. "Only four of them to demand the surrender of our post!" Then he turned to his aide: "Form the company. We will march to meet them."

With a flourish of arms, the Legionnaires marched from the post. Leading his men, the commander saw the jeep stop. The four occupants got out and waited.

The commander halted a few yards from the Americans, then strode forward with great dignity. He clicked his heels and bowed. "Gentlemen," he said, "my sword!"

To his surprise, the Americans plunged into a huddled conference. Finally, impelled by a slight shove, one of them approached the commander and bowed mutely.

"And to whom," asked the commander, "do I have the honor of surrendering?"

"You have the honor, sir," the American replied politely, accepting the sword, "of surrendering to the Associated Press!"

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GRIN AND

A CERTAIN GRAYING gentleman was exceedingly irked by his wife's new terrier, a rather vicious little pooch that delighted in dashing out and barking at every young lady who passed.

"I'm going to tie that dog up!" shouted the exasperated husband. "He's not going to chase women like that!"

"He'll get over it when he's a little older," said the complacent spouse. "You did." —CLIFF WALTERS

"THAT'S FUNNY," said the dentist, who had been drilling and drilling and drilling. "You said this tooth had never been filled and yet there are flakes of gold on the point of my drill."

"I knew it, I knew it!" groaned the patient. "You've struck my gold belt buckle." —*The Furrow*

AN OLD HILLBILLY was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. When the judge asked if he had anything to say, the old man inquired mildly, "Ain't you bein' a bit liberal with my time?" —*Philnews*

TELEPHONE OPERATORS find that there are public-phone users who are apt to be less than honorable in paying toll charges after completing a call from a booth. This came to the amused attention of an operator recently, on the occasion of a booth door sticking.

A woman had made a lengthy toll call, then hung up and apparently left the premises. At least, there was no answer to the persistent ringing of the operator for a matter of minutes. Deciding to give it one more try, she rang again.

Surprisingly enough, the same voice answered, and upon being told the amount, dropped the required coins.

"Now that I've paid," the caller said meekly, "would you please open the door?" —OLIVIA M. GERGEN

A COLLEGE SENIOR dated a young lady from a nearby girls' school a few times. Then some weeks passed, and when she hadn't heard from him, she took it upon herself to send him a telegram reading: DEAD, DELAYED OR DISINTERESTED?

To which the young man promptly wired back: HUNTING, FISHING OR TRAPPING? —*Port Arthur News*

THE TOURIST PEERED, awe-struck, down into the yawning depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Did you know," asked his guide pleasantly, "that it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"No!" exclaimed the tourist. "First time I'd heard it was a government job."

ONCE UPON A SUNDAY afternoon the wife of a Japanese farmer in lower California saw him shoveling a truckload of beautiful vegetables into the silage pit and cried: "Hasimuri Oshimato, have you gone crazy? You have closed the roadside market, hauled our pro-

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duce here, and now you . . .” She shuddered.

“Yes I close market,” he snarled. “Too many Hollywood very funny men drive up and say, ‘Mikado, I buy turnip if you give it transfusion from beet so I can get blood out of it—ha-ha-ha! . . . Mikado, you think you got carrots? Look at ones in diamond on my tomato’s finger—ha-ha-ha! . . . Swiss chard? I thought a cremated yodeler was a Swiss chard—ha-ha-ha! Corn and onions? That sounds so much like corn and bunions my feet are killing me—ha-ha-ha! . . . Eggplant? You don’t mean plant egg—and raise omelettes?’ ”

Whereupon Mr. Oshimato shoveled still more furiously.

—Wall Street Journal

“IN TEACHING shorthand and typewriting we make a great point of accuracy,” the head of the business college explained.

“And how about the speed?” asked the prospective student.

The college head thought a moment. “Well, out of last year’s class, 16 married their employers within three months.” *—Cape Argus*

A YOUNG OFFICER, who was nothing if not efficient, was inspecting Selective Service Headquarters in the South. Noting that the number of desks, telephones, and typewriters seemed far in excess of the personnel, he asked one of the girls, “What is the normal complement of this office?”

The girl was puzzled only for a moment. “Well, suh,” she replied, “ah reckon the most usual compliment is, ‘Howdy, honey, you’re sure luscious-lookin’ this mawnin’ ’.”

—Long Lines

JENKINS AND SMITHERS were discussing wives and their idiosyncrasies. “One annoying thing about wives,” Jenkins observed, “is the way they always remember wedding anniversaries.”

“Yes,” Smithers agreed, “and husbands always forget them. How do you account for that?”

“Oh, that’s easy,” Jenkins replied. “Do you remember when you caught your biggest fish?”

“Do I!” Smithers exclaimed.

“But now, take the fish—” Jenkins murmured. “Do you think *it* remembers?” —ADRIAN ANDERSON

A VIVACIOUS young lady from Texas shocked her Boston-reared beau by drawing on her gloves as they started down the street on their first date.

“Where I come from,” said the young man, “people would as soon see a woman put on her stockings in public as her gloves.”

“Where I come from,” retorted the young lady, “they’d rather.”

—Pure Oil News

Why not send your funny story to “Grin and Share It” Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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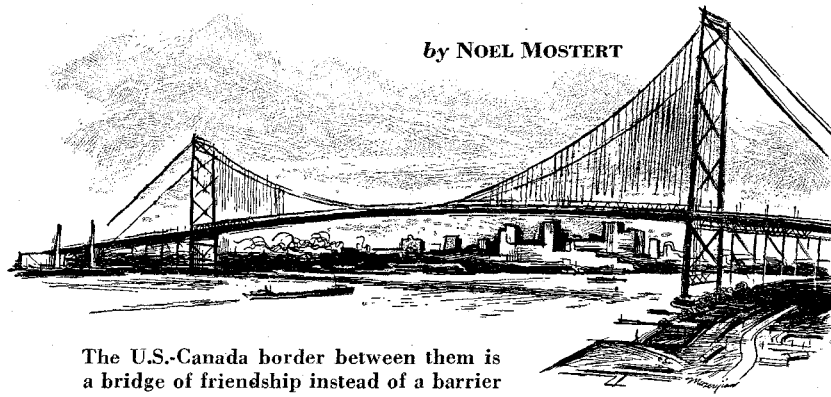
DETROIT and WINDSOR: Cities of Good Will

by NOEL MOSTERT



The U.S.-Canada border between them is a bridge of friendship instead of a barrier

THE SILVERY BUS purred through the long tunnel that burrows under the Detroit River, linking the American and Canadian border cities of Windsor and Detroit. Wheeling out into the sunlight, it stopped alongside the U. S. Customs and Immigration office. Passengers streamed out and passed into a small yellow-painted hall. A hesitant old lady followed them.

Newly arrived in Canada as a displaced person, she was making her first entry into the U. S., en route to a rendezvous in Detroit with a sister she had not seen in 30 years. The little old lady looked scared as she joined the line. She clutched her passport, hugging it to her breast protectively.

The green-uniformed immigration officer glanced at the document, asked where she was going in Detroit. Nervously, she showed an address on a slip of paper. He took another look at the passport, and waved her on.

Alarm vanished from her face. "You mean I may go?" she asked incredulously.

"Sure," the officer grinned. "And what's more, Grandma, if you wait five minutes until I get through, I'll drive you there and that'll save you bother and bus fare."

Her eyes moist, the woman whispered gratefully: "In North America everything has been wonderful. But this—this is the best. It takes from three hours to three months to cross a frontier in Europe. Here I do it in three minutes."

The humble immigrant was paying tribute to one of the best examples of working democracy in the world today—the passing parade of good neighborliness along the undefended border between the U. S.

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and Canada, particularly along the wide coil of the Detroit River joining Lakes Erie and St. Clair. Here, separated by a waterway carrying more traffic than Suez and Panama together, is the one area on our trouble-torn globe where international relations are as informal as a back-fence gossip.

Detroit is one of the few places in the U. S. where you go south to Canada. That is because Windsor lies at the tip of a peninsula known as the "Sun Parlor of Canada," which tucks itself under the bulge of Lower Michigan.

The skylines of the cities are face to face—Detroit's soaring and impressive, Windsor's low and unassuming. Staining the skies are smoke trails from the sprawling auto industries that built both cities and put the world on wheels. From the start, Detroit has shared its industrial bounty and helped establish Windsor as the motor capital of the British Commonwealth. The largest Ford and Chrysler plants outside Detroit are in Windsor.

The life line of the cities' interdependence is the enormous flow of traffic through the tunnel below the river and across the great curving span of the Ambassador Bridge above it, largest international suspension bridge in the world. Its tracery of columns and cables dominates the area. On plaques at each end is the simple but forceful message: "Ambassador Bridge, the Visible Expression of Friendship in the Hearts of Two Peoples with Like Ideas and Ideals."

At the center, a lofty 152 feet above the swirling blue water and the passing long-hulled lake steamers, you feel that you stand astride the continent. Detroit's towers sprout on one side; opposite are quiet, narrow streets along which crowd Windsor's modest homes and which from early spring to autumn are hidden by green foliage.

First-visit Americans, turning down into Windsor from the bridge, find an almost siestalike calm compared to the shrill bustle on the U. S. side. Otherwise, Windsor could be any modest-sized American city. Occasional touches, such as signs advising that you are on the King's Highway and midget British autos with Ontario plates, remind Yanks that a short drive has made them foreigners.

What the tunnel lacks in scenery it makes up in human drama. Buses pick up passengers at terminals in downtown Detroit and Windsor, and then travel its two white-tiled lanes as they slope under the deep ship channel in the center of the river. On the bus you may see a Canadian mother sitting stiffly beside an enlisted son in U. S. Army uniform, her hand resting in his lap and her gaze on his bags. Or a young Latvian D. P. fidgeting with impatience to see a fiancée held in Windsor by passport formalities.

The waters above the tunnel once were part of the "Underground Railway" along which Negro slaves escaped to Canada. That tradition of freedom is maintained today in the relatively unrestricted travel. Only obvious undesirables and subversives are refused.

Canadians and Americans need no passports to travel to and fro. Most often, a tattered birth certificate or Army discharge is accepted. The American living in Windsor and traveling daily to his business

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in downtown Detroit, the Canadian going over to see a major-league ball game, the lanky Texan eager to take in some "British" atmosphere, and the Saskatchewan farmer looking for a high-paced metropolitan whirl, use the privilege with complete nonchalance.

FOR MORE THAN a century now, while borders elsewhere have become ringed with bayonets, this one has kept its character of trust and informality. A recent scene in the Windsor City Council was typical of the border spirit. Councilors were debating whether to fly the Canadian or American flag during the summer tourist season.

Youthful Mayor Arthur Reaume wanted the Stars and Stripes so that visiting Yanks would feel at home. His opposition protested: the Americans came over for foreign atmosphere, so show them the Canadian flag. The matter was resolved when one councilor called out:

"Doggone it, fly both! We don't want them to think we haven't been introduced yet."

Most Detroit stores—whether a small shop or one as large as Hudson's department store—accept Canadian money either at par or at current exchange rates. This policy paid off last year during a streetcar strike which kept suburban customers away. The stores pepped up Windsor advertising, and cut down on losses.

Border housewives are the best bargain hunters on the continent. They balance budgets from American and Canadian store prices, and veteran shoppers are expert at drawing up separate lists for each city.

As they nudge through the turnstiles, the shoppers and commuters pass the scrutiny of customs watchdogs—casual men in blue whose eyes rove the long lines of footweary women, school kids going to Tech in Detroit, stenographers hurrying to offices in Windsor, convention delegates off on an international spree. The officers know that many of those who pass them have concealed something—a pack of cigarettes or maybe a silky Manchester scarf.

The petty smuggler usually gets by. But the professional tricksters find it tough going. Knowing when and where to look has turned up such odd items as $15,000 worth of diamonds in a tobacco can, whisky in inner tubes, a load of ham scorching against a radiator.

Last Christmas, a Windsor woman walked up to the Canadian barrier with an attractively wrapped parcel from famed Hudson's department store.

"What do you have there, lady?" the officer asked.

"I don't know," she said, pointing to a label with the familiar legend, "Do Not Open Till Xmas."

The customs man scratched his head, then laughed: "That one's not in the book of rules, so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Go ahead, and Merry Christmas!"

Windsor's privately owned radio station CKLW, one of the largest in the Midwest, has executive offices in Detroit and transmitting studios in Windsor. Most CKLW announcers received awards from the U. S. Government for selling war bonds. The station also has won plaudits for community services. A pair of Detroit hit-and-run drivers were captured last year after a city-

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wide chase, and police credited the arrest to constant descriptions relayed by CKLW.

Border relations also are the pride of the newspapers. One of the best examples of news collaboration came in 1950 when American and Canadian papers turned all their editorial guns on vice conditions in Windsor. Detroit teen-agers were taking "joy rides" to gambling and prostitution dens near downtown Windsor. Ontario authorities heard the cry for action, and together with the Detroit officials moved in to clean up. Within weeks, most of the operators left town.

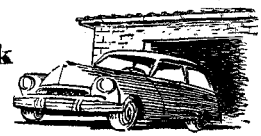
Should World War III come, bringing threat of destruction to the vital Windsor and Detroit industrial plants, it will find the cities alert and ready for emergency. In the event of atomic attack, border formalities will be pushed aside, Windsor will send all available medical and fire-fighting assistance to Detroit, and wounded and homeless will be evacuated to Canada, with Windsor alone caring for more than 10,000.

But the cities have not allowed these civil-defense plans to dampen their usual good spirits. In fact, they sought last year to bring world peace closer to reality by showing how it could be done. International amity was chosen as the theme for Detroit's 250th birthday festival, a joint celebration. In parades, glittering shows, and gala sports events, they told with music and pageant the story of their friendship.

Famed Canadian musical director Sir Ernest MacMillan caught the mood of the show when he turned down an invitation to conduct at the Festival of Britain, and chose instead to present a program of music of the British Commonwealth of Nations at Detroit. He explained that the birthday theme was one he felt compelled to support in view of the global situation.

So, in work and play, America's international cities present their model of good will to the world. Canadian Health and Welfare Minister Paul Martin, Parliament member for Windsor, summed up the alliance when he said: "This would be a good spot for the United Nations. There are some delegates there who could learn a thing or two from the way we live here."

Stop, Look and Think



IF TODAY'S average American is confronted with an hour of leisure, he is likely to palpitate with panic. An hour with nothing to do! So he jumps into a dither and into a car, and starts driving off fiercely in pursuit of diversion . . . I thank heaven I grew up in a small town, in a horse-and-buggy era, when we had, or made, time to sit and think, and often just to sit . . . We "catch" a train. We "grab" a bite of lunch. We "contact" a client. Everything has to be active and electric . . . We need less leg action and more acute observation as we go. Slow down the muscles and stir up the mind.

—DON HEROLD, *Thoughts on The Business of Life* (Forbes)

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Special Feature

Illustrated by GUSTAV REHBERGER

ONE EVENING in February, 1899, an obscure publisher and job printer in East Aurora, New York, sat talking with his son. Like many other Americans, they were discussing the Spanish-American War, the last shot of which had been fired only a few months before.

"I don't know how you feel, Dad," said Bert, "but I think the real hero of the war was Rowan. You remember—the man who found Garcia."

Elbert Hubbard slowly put down his teacup. Yes, he mused, the hero in any human endeavor is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia! Hubbard rushed over to his desk and in an hour dashed off an editorial for *The Philistine*, a crusading monthly which he published.

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"The thing leaped hot from my heart," he later recalled.

Hubbard's editorial touched the heart of America. And when it was reprinted by the New York Central Railroad in an advertising brochure, it was titled: "A Message to Garcia." Today, some 80,000,000 copies of the "Message" have been read all over the globe in 20 languages. Before he died on the ill-fated *Lusitania* in 1915, Hubbard had earned $250,000 in royalties from the famous editorial.

But what of Rowan, the man who actually carried the message to Garcia? Not until a quarter-century after his courageous deed was Col. Andrew Summers Rowan, then retired to his modest home in San Francisco, lifted from obscurity to receive the Distinguished Service Cross. When he died in a California military hospital in January, 1943, at 85, newspapers printed brief obituaries of the forgotten man who had carried the message to Garcia. Few had heard of Rowan, still fewer knew the story behind his heroic exploit . . .

At midnight on April 24, 1898, a tiny fishing boat, its lights extinguished, slipped quietly into a small bay on Cuba's south coast and anchored. In the morning the bow grated onto the sand of a half-moon beach separating black jungle from

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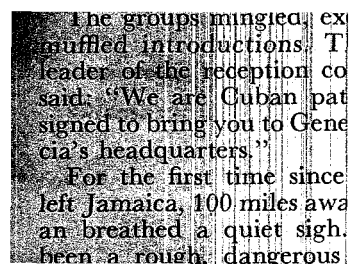

The groups mingled, ex
muffled introductions. T
leader of the reception co
said: "We are Cuban pat
signed to bring you to Gene
cia's headquarters."

For the first time since
left Jamaica, 100 miles awa
an breathed a quiet sigh.
been a rough, dangerous

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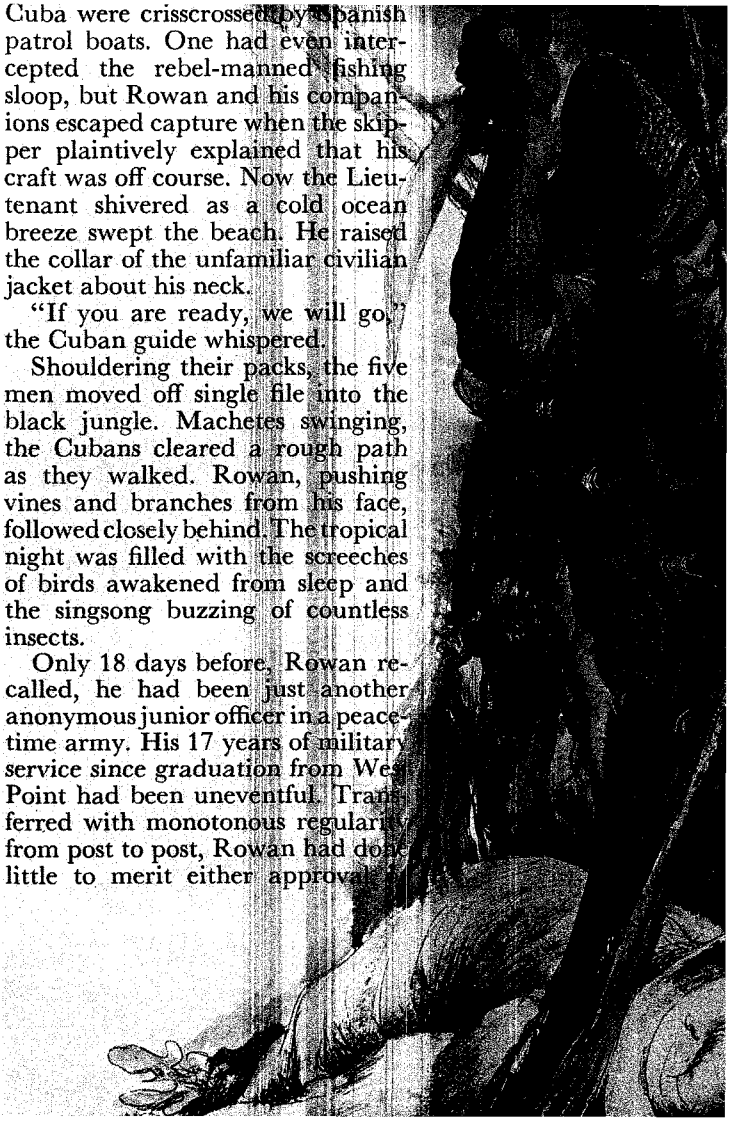
Cuba were crisscrossed by Spanish patrol boats. One had even intercepted the rebel-manned fishing sloop, but Rowan and his companions escaped capture when the skipper plaintively explained that his craft was off course. Now the Lieutenant shivered as a cold ocean breeze swept the beach. He raised the collar of the unfamiliar civilian jacket about his neck.

"If you are ready, we will go," the Cuban guide whispered.

Shouldering their packs, the five men moved off single file into the black jungle. Machetes swinging, the Cubans cleared a rough path as they walked. Rowan, pushing vines and branches from his face, followed closely behind. The tropical night was filled with the screeches of birds awakened from sleep and the singsong buzzing of countless insects.

Only 18 days before, Rowan recalled, he had been just another anonymous junior officer in a peacetime army. His 17 years of military service since graduation from West Point had been uneventful. Transferred with monotonous regularity from post to post, Rowan had done little to merit either approval



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reprimand from his superiors. His single claim to fame—and Rowan chuckled grimly as he thought of it—was a little book called *The Island of Cuba* which he had written two years before. Not that he knew very much about Cuba: in fact, he had never been there before this night. But he had always been intrigued by the little island, so had compiled a book about its geography and topography after a study of other authors' works.

Then one day in April, Rowan was asked to lunch with his superior officer. War with Spain was imminent. The U. S. had a potential ally in an almost-legendary Cuban rebel leader, Gen. Calixto Garcia y Iniguez. But he was fighting somewhere in the remote vastness of the Cuban mountains. No one knew where.

Col. Arthur Wagner gave Rowan his orders. Go to Cuba. Locate Garcia—somehow. Find out from him what the Spanish are doing. Ask him what he needs. Get his reaction on our sending an American invasion force to Cuba. Then return to Washington.

Rowan listened intently. He had no idea where Garcia was. His

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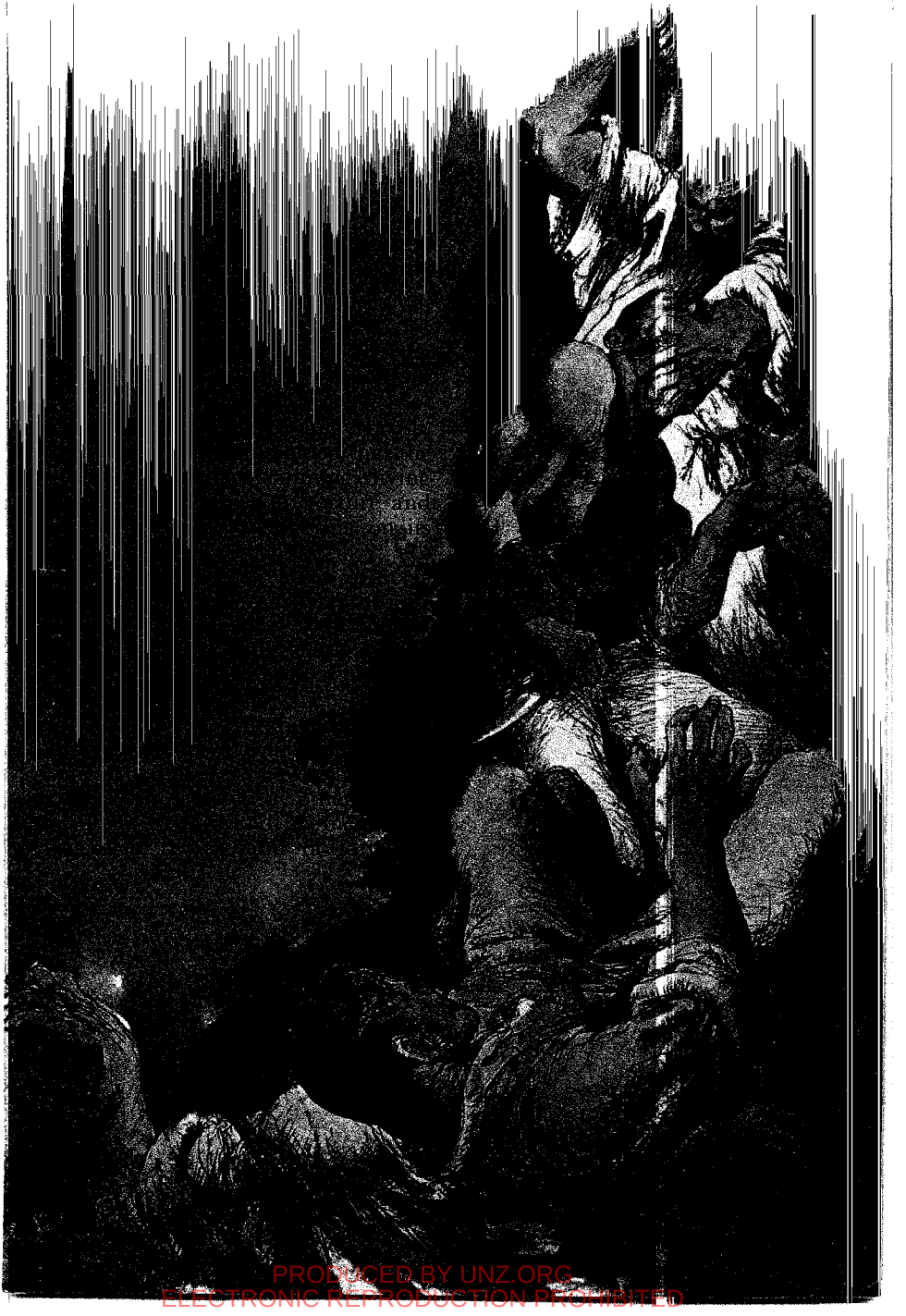

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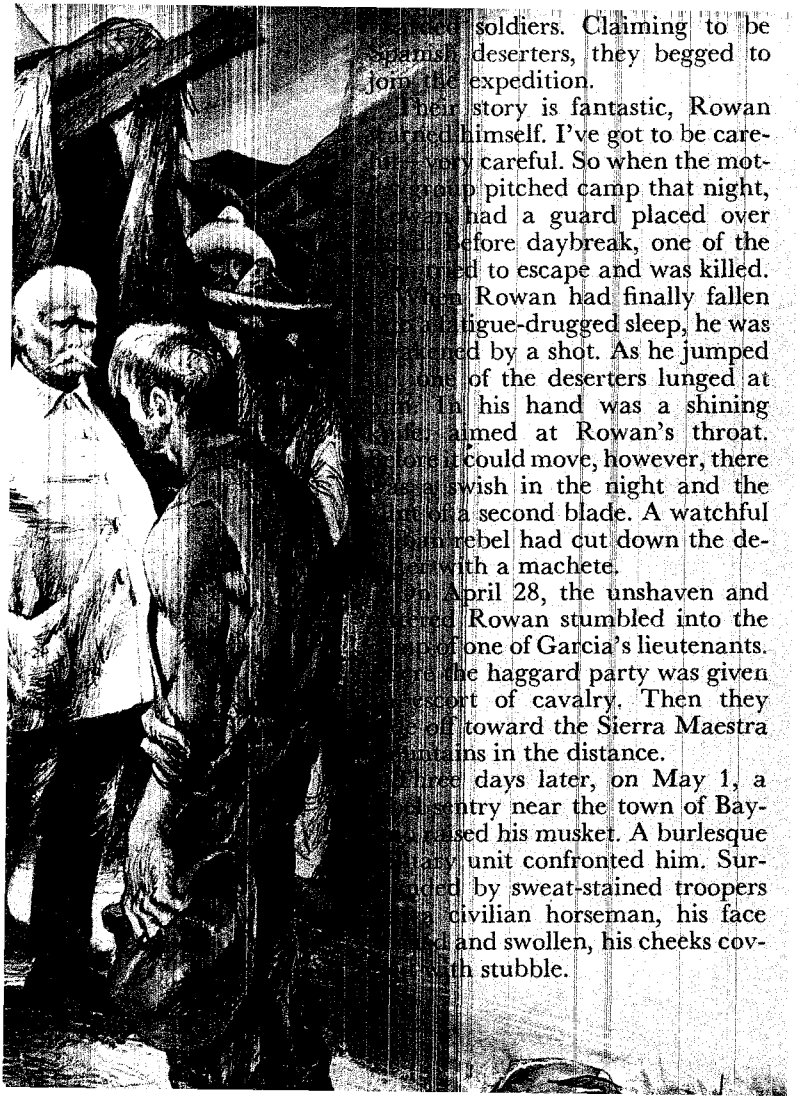

soldiers. Claiming to be Spanish deserters, they begged to join the expedition.

Their story is fantastic, Rowan warned himself. I've got to be careful. Very careful. So when the motley group pitched camp that night, Rowan had a guard placed over them. Before daybreak, one of the prisoners tried to escape and was killed.

When Rowan had finally fallen into fatigue-drugged sleep, he was awakened by a shot. As he jumped up, one of the deserters lunged at him. In his hand was a shining knife aimed at Rowan's throat. Before it could move, however, there was a swish in the night and the knife met a second blade. A watchful young rebel had cut down the deserter with a machete.

On April 28, the unshaven and exhausted Rowan stumbled into the camp of one of Garcia's lieutenants. There the haggard party was given an escort of cavalry. Then they rode off toward the Sierra Maestra mountains in the distance.

Three days later, on May 1, a rebel sentry near the town of Bayamo raised his musket. A burlesque military unit confronted him. Surrounded by sweat-stained troopers rode a civilian horseman, his face pale and swollen, his cheeks covered with stubble.

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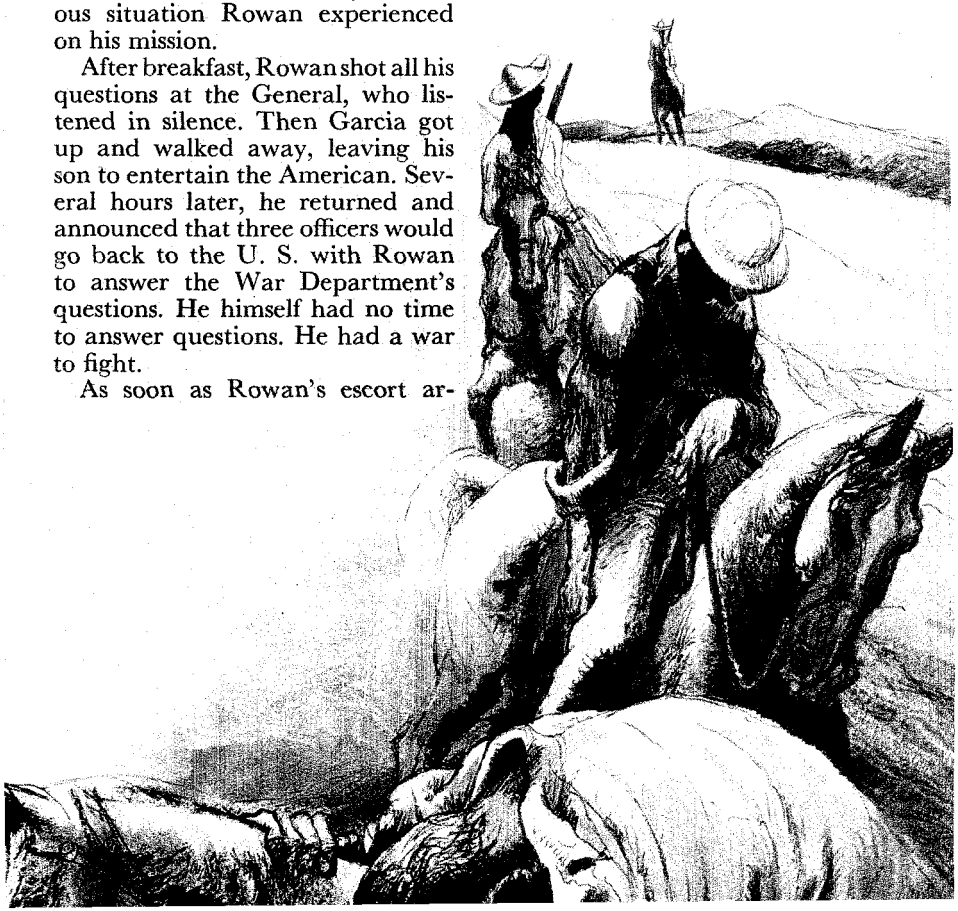
"I am Lieutenant Rowan of the U.S. Army," the stranger gasped. "Take me to General Garcia."

Garcia, a burly 58-year-old revolutionary veteran, received Rowan. The American presented his credentials identifying him as "a man in whom we have confidence." Garcia's aide translated this as "a confidence man"—the only humorous situation Rowan experienced on his mission.

After breakfast, Rowan shot all his questions at the General, who listened in silence. Then Garcia got up and walked away, leaving his son to entertain the American. Several hours later, he returned and announced that three officers would go back to the U. S. with Rowan to answer the War Department's questions. He himself had no time to answer questions. He had a war to fight.

As soon as Rowan's escort arrived, the four men set off on horseback for the north coast. Again the jungle sent mosquitoes, a blazing sun, a humid heat to harass the American. But after five grueling days, he and his party reached the coast. There they were crowded into a fishing boat even smaller than the one which had brought



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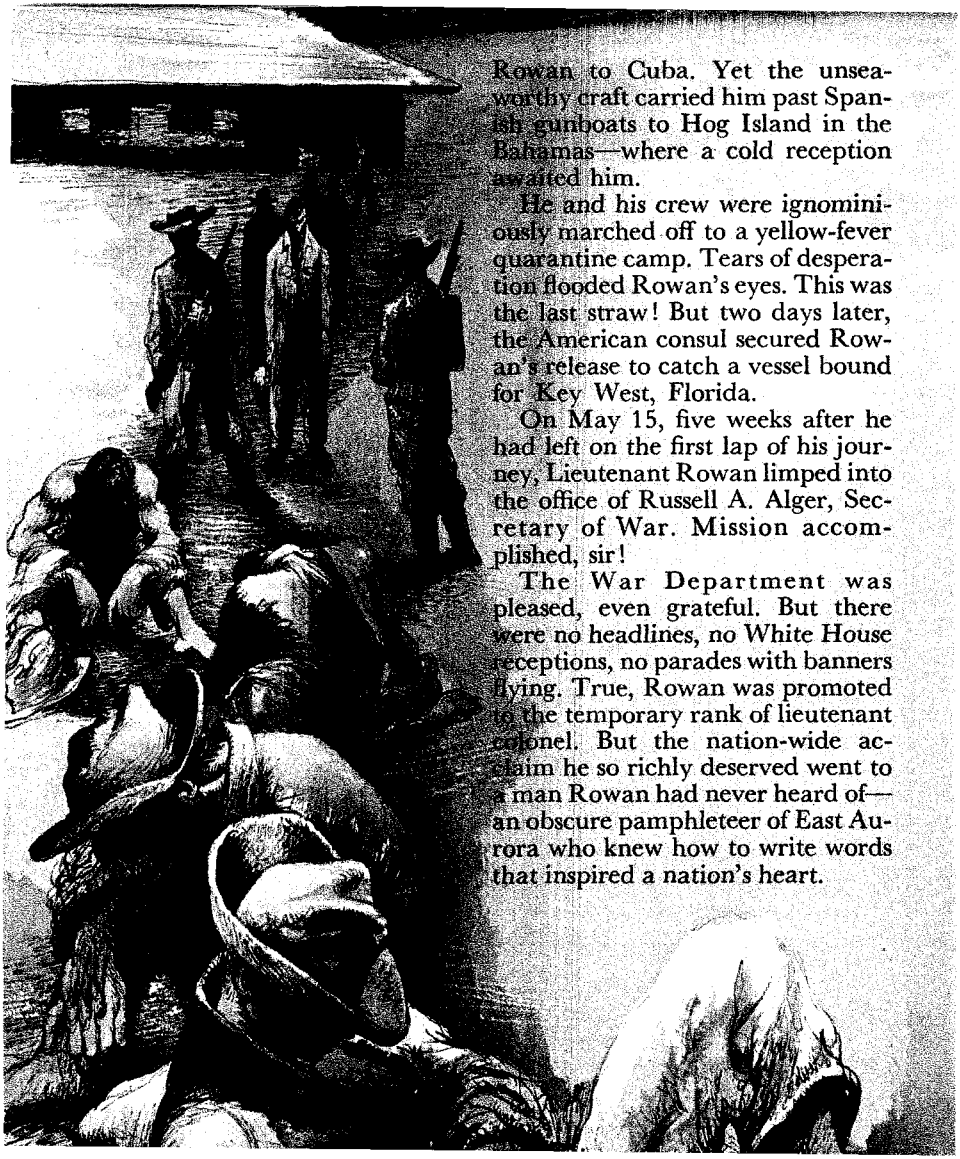

Rowan to Cuba. Yet the unseaworthy craft carried him past Spanish gunboats to Hog Island in the Bahamas—where a cold reception awaited him.

He and his crew were ignominiously marched off to a yellow-fever quarantine camp. Tears of desperation flooded Rowan's eyes. This was the last straw! But two days later, the American consul secured Rowan's release to catch a vessel bound for Key West, Florida.

On May 15, five weeks after he had left on the first lap of his journey, Lieutenant Rowan limped into the office of Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War. Mission accomplished, sir!

The War Department was pleased, even grateful. But there were no headlines, no White House receptions, no parades with banners flying. True, Rowan was promoted to the temporary rank of lieutenant colonel. But the nation-wide acclaim he so richly deserved went to a man Rowan had never heard of—an obscure pamphleteer of East Aurora who knew how to write words that inspired a nation's heart.

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"A Message to Garcia"

The Hubbard Editorial That Inspired America

WHEN ROWAN was sent for and given the letter to Garcia, he did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the eternal, there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and placed in every college! It is not book-learning young men need, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly to "Carry a message to Garcia."

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been appalled by the inability or unwillingness of the average man to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Put this matter to a test: You are sitting in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and say: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a memo for me on the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions: Who was Correggio? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Is he dead? Is there any hurry?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, the clerk will go off and get another clerk to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man . . .

"You see that bookkeeper?" said the foreman to me in a factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish it all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and forget what he had been sent for."

I know a brilliant man who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is worthless to anyone else because he carries with him the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing him. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one dares employ him, for he is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled boot.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who against great odds has directed the efforts of others and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. All employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home.

Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such an individual. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, store, and factory. The world cries out for such—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

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Why TV'ers Laugh with SAM LEVENSON

by HELEN MARKEL HERRMANN

He breaks all rules for comedians, and delights audiences with his homespun humor

HIGH UP in the CBSpectrum of television, Sam Levenson is no laughing matter to his fellow-comedians. He doesn't sing, dance, mug, wear funny hats, or play musical instruments. He has never mentioned Tallulah's age or Margaret's voice. He doesn't support a stable of writers.

His comedy technique is appallingly rudimentary, consisting simply of a moon face, an engaging grin, and a pair of hands he doesn't quite know what to do with. He's an ex-schoolteacher—and looks it.

Yet within one year he has collected a sheaf of awards. *Variety* called him 1951's best find on television, the literate New York *Times* conceded that he was TV's most literate comedian, and the querulous Fred Allen felt compelled to point out that Levenson was "the first fresh addition to American humor in 50 years."

Levenson himself considers the year's high point was reached when a recent article mentioned a certain Brooklyn high school as his alma mater, and alumni of another Brooklyn seat of learning sent in a tidal wave of protests, claiming Levenson as their own.

"And all he does is stand there in his glasses and his double-breasted suit and talk about his *mother*," a hard-working gag man complained recently. "And it *kills* them."

The poor fellow was right, as far as he went. Levenson is proof positive that you don't need acrobats, jugglers, and dancing girls to succeed as a comedian. He simply stands there and talks, his moon face round with pleasure, and the more he talks the funnier he gets.

Actually, all he has done is hit on an 18-karat vein of humor long overlooked by posses of winded gag-writers: the awful hazards of middle-class family life in the good old days and the shiny new ones. When

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he ambles onto a screen with his glasses gleaming earnestly, it is as though an old friend had dropped by of an afternoon to mourn the passing of the antimacassar. He deals heavily in nostalgia, and is barely able to conceal his preference for the horse and buggy over the automobile.

"Today," Levenson says glumly, "everybody has a magic-eye dishwasher. Well, when I was a boy we had one, too. Mama would fix you with her magic eye and the dishes got washed."

He is the despair of the professional comic. Far from a finished performer, while telling a story he uhs and ahs like the rest of us, hesitates, stumbles, gropes for a word, and laughs unashamedly as he approaches the punch line. He breaks every rule in the comic's books, and all that happens is he rolls 'em in the aisles.

Why? Perhaps because in a medium studded with assured and polished fellows, his very nonprofessionalism is both endearing and reassuring. An audience, listening and looking, takes heart from the fact that he is not unlike themselves.

His friendly, awkward approach sets him immediately apart from the expert timing, the devastating finesse of the major-league comics. Whereas Berle & Co. are knowledgeable big shots, Levenson is simply a happy, harried fellow with the same frustrations and anxieties as the rest of us. The accent is New York, but the problems are universal.

THE SAGA OF Sam Levenson is the history of Everyman. Mama's shame-to-throw-out drawer ("half a pair of scissors, a broken razor blade, 22 pencils two inches long . . ."); parental pep talks ("Papa was always telling me, when he was my age he had a wife and four kids. I was four at the time . . ."); the splendors of a city childhood ("We played cops and robbers with real cops") are germane from Massachusetts to California. This is a genuine folk humor in the tradition of Will Rogers, another fellow who combined a regional accent with universal appeal.

Levenson's special gift lies in his accurate reporting of the household scene, and when he turns his sensitive sights on the hopeless struggle between children and parents, he's the best friend a kid ever had, Captain Video notwithstanding. Take democracy, as Levenson sees it practiced by the modern mother, otherwise known as the "It's-Up-To-You" school.

"It's up to you, Junior," says Mother. "It's entirely up to you. The only thing that will happen is no movies for ten years, no dessert for 18 years, no allowance for the next decade. But you make your own decision . . ."

"It's so true," listeners say, wiping their eyes. Nothing delights Levenson more. He sees himself as spokesman for the modern man, uncovering his anxieties, his patent yearnings for the simplicities of pre-television hearths.

Unlike most professional funnymen—who are solemn, serious fellows in private—it is almost impossible to separate Levenson the man from Levenson the comic. The private Levenson is the same genial fellow as his TV image, beset by the same problems that affect any family man. "Rising prices, raising

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children, reasoning with women. Once you show we all got the same problems, they laugh at their own troubles."

This is the warm, friendly humor without malice, special jokes, or borrowed gags. He doesn't hold with the current TV theory that one man's banana peel is another man's belly laugh. He has a rigid personal code of humor against which he and his wife—his toughest audience—constantly check all new stories: no jokes about war, physical defects, nationalities, or the atom bomb—"a very unfunny subject."

MAMA WAS THE MAINSTAY of the Levenson household, consisting of seven boys and one girl. "The nicest thing about having many children," Papa used to say, "is that one of them may not turn out like the rest."

The household was organized with the efficiency of a standing army: Papa was the general, Mrs. L. the quartermaster, "and we were the privates—with no privacy." The elder Levensons would have scoffed at today's suggestion that children be given an opportunity to express themselves.

"Quiet, Papa's talking," alternated with "It's none of your business" as conversational guideposts.

In Sam Levenson, defenders of the old-fashioned methods of child-rearing have found their most articulate champion. He is the secret weapon of the spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child school, the militant foe of progressive education.

"Mama, God bless her, never heard of a mental block. With Mama, you always knew where you stood. 'Go see what Sammy's doing,' she was always saying to Papa, 'and tell him to stop.' "

There were ten of them living on Papa's tailor's salary in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, but comfort was secondary to hospitality—"visitors didn't come by appointment, they came by the windows." Mrs. Levenson set great store by the three C's—culture, cooking, and cleanliness.

Her son recalls that he always had to wash his ears before running any errands. "God forbid I should get run over by an ice wagon with dirty ears."

He still remembers the time they decided to hire a maid to help out Mama. On the day the maid was to come to work for the first time, Mama got up at 6:00 A.M. She washed the windows, scrubbed the floors, put clean linen on the beds. When the maid came, Mama had breakfast all ready for her, and then they sat around awhile and had a nice Kaffeeklatsch.

That night Papa paid off the maid and asked Mama what was the big idea. "No stranger," Mama said coldly, "is ever going to walk in and find dirt in my house."

Culture ran cleanliness a dead heat. Of the 30 families who lived in their building, not one was without a violin or piano. This was the generation in which the deprivations of the fathers were visited upon the sons. You played, whether you wanted to or not.

"Practice," Mama would say.

"I don't want to. Joey Snider doesn't have to practice."

"Joey Snider is a bum," Mama said inexorably. "Practice."

They practiced.

Today, history is repeating itself

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in the Levenson household. Conrad Levenson, who is nine years old and in the fourth grade of a Brooklyn public school, finds himself similarly allergic to practicing.

"Only today it's different," his father says, flailing his hands about helplessly. "If Conrad doesn't practice, he's developing his personality. If I didn't practice, I got holes in my head."

Conrad Levenson keeps his mother and father updated on the rights of the modern child. He likes guppies, cowboys, bubble gum, and the other accoutrements of high living, and complains a good deal about the size of his allowance, which won't quite cover the price of a Leica camera, his current need.

"When I was a boy," Levenson says wistfully, "I thought Leica was part of the verb 'to be.' In my day all a photographer needed was a pony. Conrad needs a light meter, a tripod, and a darkroom.

"The only place we ever had our pictures taken was on ponies. The next day the photographer would appear at the door and Mama would admire the picture, then hand it back. 'Three dollars for my Sammy?' she would say indignantly. 'He isn't worth it.'

"Nowadays they tell you that giving a kid an allowance teaches him the value of money." Levenson's moon face grows despondent. "When we were kids, we knew real value. For a penny we bought a paraffin whistle. We blew on it all week and on Sundays we ate it. That's value!"

But a Leica-less childhood offered endless compensations. One Christmas their rich uncle in New Jersey gave the Levenson kids a pair of roller skates—"One pair for the eight of us. To this day I can only skate on one foot."

Mama Levenson took schooling very seriously, and would defend her brood to the death against everybody but the school authorities. "What did Sammy do wrong?" she would inquire heatedly of a teacher. "Tell me, I'll hit him."

Every night they all did their homework at the dining-room table under her eagle eye, while Papa read his paper and Mama chopped onions. "It takes a smart man to get an education," she would say sharply, chopping away for dear life. "Write good. Don't scribble."

Her dutiful brood wrote so good under her onion-scented vigilance that today the Levenson family boasts a doctor, a dentist, an artist, three businessmen, and an unfrocked schoolteacher. Dora, the only daughter, is happily married, a career for which she has had ample preparation.

Sam, the youngest, went to Brooklyn College, majored in Spanish, and graduated into the Depression. When he was offered a teaching job in a Brooklyn high school, he decided to take it while working for his Master's Degree at Columbia. "As a teacher I'll starve," he told a friend at the time, "but I'll starve regularly."

He was an immediate success in the schoolroom. He used the lyrics of popular rumbas to teach vocabulary, and changed the stale sentences of Spanish grammars from "The book of my brother is on the bureau of my aunt" to "I hold the hand of Freddie in the hammock of my father."

His reputation as a wit spread

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rapidly and his career in show business really began during lunch hour in the teachers' cafeteria. He loved to tell stories and he told them all through lunch.

"I was a scholarly table-hopper," he recalls now. "A roving lunch-hour emcee. Laughter is good for the digestion."

One summer, full of good digestion and high spirits, the cafeteria set organized an all-teacher orchestra with Sam as master of ceremonies and booked themselves into a Catskill resort hotel. In lieu of salary, the m.c. received his wife's bed and board.

"She got fat," he recalls with a minimum of rancor. "I got thin."

The next summer, when a rival entrepreneur offered him $50 *plus* his wife's board, he began to feel his oats. When he returned to town, he mailed out a circular saying, "Sam Levenson, Folk Humorist, $15 an hour," to which was attached a list of flowing testimonials.

"They were the best testimonials you ever saw," he says proudly. "Esther (his wife) and I sat up over them night after night."

The circular drew some response, and soon Levenson was dispensing his particular brand of humor on week ends and after school hours at Brooklyn block parties, banquets, and benefits. Then in 1948, an enterprising night club offered him a job. When Levenson discovered he made more from a month in show business than a year in the classroom, the cafeteria saw him no more.

AFTER FOUR guest appearances on the Ed Sullivan show and "This Is Show Business," where he is now a member of the permanent panel, CBS casually dropped him into the empty 15 minutes following Jack Benny's first TV appearances, and the rest is history. His latest show made its debut in February.

Sam thinks television is here to stay, and hopes to stay right along with it, but he has no illusions about the permanence of fame in show business. He expects to go on talking about his own life and hard times as long as anyone will listen. If people get tired of it, he'll go back to teaching Spanish.

Levenson is no longer starving regularly (his weekly salary runs into four figures), but the rest of his life is relatively unchanged. He still lives in Brooklyn, in a rambling house, with his wife, his son Conrad, five guppies, and Conrad's untended violin.

He turns up regularly at supermarkets, butcher shops, and buses in search of material for his program, reads everything from Freud to Emily Post, is apt to continue his research at neighborhood gatherings or formal dinners, which he hates. Recently he was explaining the current psychiatric hoopla, as he understands it from intellectual evenings out.

"The baby starts sucking his thumb. Emotional instability. You take him to a psychiatrist and the guy says the kid is disturbed. Huh! He's disturbed? He doesn't even know whether he's a boy or a girl!"

Levenson has appeared on everything from the Borscht circuit to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, but the chances of his being asked to perform for "progressive" school groups are slim.

"The educators tell you to look out for the child who won't play.

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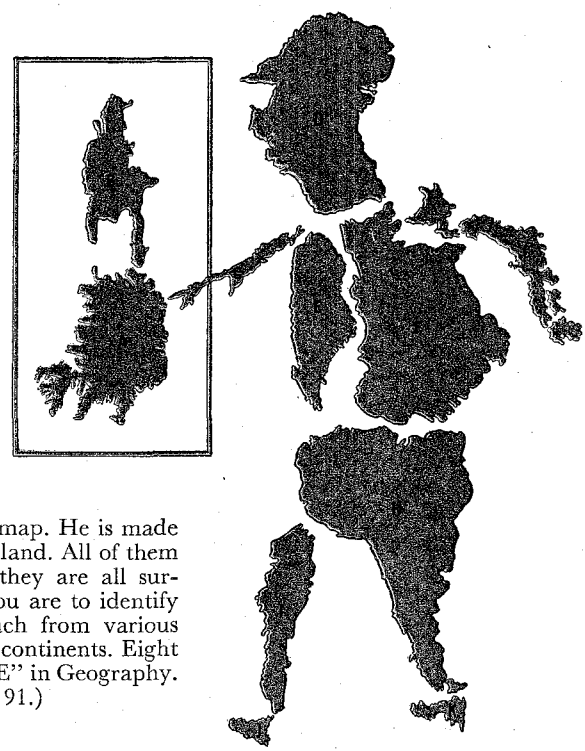
(In my day we had truant officers; today there's an analyst in every gym.) Watch out for the child who won't play, they tell you, he's an unhappy child. I was a very happy child. I always had a black eye, one arm in a sling, and bruises from group play."

Red-faced psychiatrists, according to their own dicta, would be forced to admit that Levenson must indeed have had a very happy childhood, since none of it is buried in his subconscious. Not only does Sam lack the decency to resent his father in proper scientific fashion, but his mother complex has become a matter of public concern.

"Mama is broiling a chicken and the tasting committee comes in, all the mothers on the block. Put in salt. Take out salt. Put in an onion. Take out an onion. The chicken comes to the table, hard as a rock. The explanation: the butcher should drop dead."

"It's true," listeners say, nodding at each other tearfully. And Sam Levenson chuckles delightedly. "My mother did it with schmaltz, maybe yours did it with lard. But underneath they're all alike, aren't they?"

Mr. Map



THIS MAN is really a map. He is made up of 11 bodies of land. All of them are not islands, but they are all surrounded by water. You are to identify them by studying each from various angles. Clue: two are continents. Eight correct gives you an "E" in Geography. (Answers are on page 91.)

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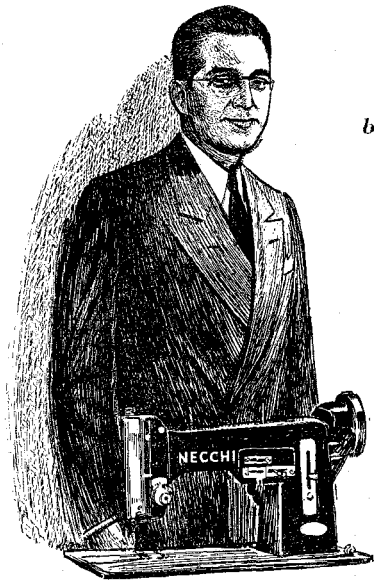
"It Could Only Happen in America"

by SELWYN JAMES



Leon Jolson's fabulous success story is also the inspiring story of a free land

GENTLE, SAD-EYED Leon Jolson is unique among the world's Displaced Persons; in just five years he has pyramided a tiny workshop in a Bronx apartment into a thriving corporation that grosses seven million annually.

On a sleety morning in February, 1947—within sight of the Statue of Liberty—Jolson stepped down the gangplank along with about 400 other exhilarated, hopeful souls from Europe, and proudly spoke his one simple sentence of English: "I am happy to be in a free land!"

They were words he felt deeply, for this stateless 36-year-old Pole with the Lublin serial number burned into his forearm is a survivor of two Nazi concentration camps, a former underground warrior against Hitler, an escapee from the Soviets, and a man with the American dream in his heart.

That joyous morning of his arrival, he possessed only the clothes he wore. Today his dream is a wonderful reality; he is U. S. and Canadian distributor of the Italian-made Necchi sewing machine with a nation-wide network of dealers selling 5,000 models a month.

Jolson's astounding success is no once-in-a-lifetime fluke; it is built solidly on the human qualities we Americans most admire—courage, doggedness, and ingenuity.

Aided by the United Service for New Americans, a private agency which cares for displaced persons until they are properly established, Jolson set up a sewing-machine repair service in the Bronx tenement apartment he and his wife Anne found. Also within a week of his arrival in the U. S. A., he had embarked on a lone research study of the American sewing-machine market.

Many a Bronx housewife remembers the smiling, soft-voiced peddler of sewing needles and thread who

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knocked at her door in the winter of 1947. Whether he sold his wares or not, he always obliged by oiling and adjusting her sewing machine.

Little did she guess that he was absorbing every detail of the machine's complex design. Nor could she know that this bespectacled man who spoke in stilted English had been, at 25, head of the Necchi Corporation's Eastern European sales organization; and, as a brilliant young engineer, had played an integral role in the genius-touched inventiveness that finally resulted in the all-purpose Necchi unit.

Every evening, Jolson visited the New York Public Library where he plowed through books and magazine articles on sewing machines. Then, as his English improved, he spent days listening to trade gossip, and chatting with garment workers on bustling Seventh Avenue, heart of the nation's sewing trade.

It wasn't long before he decided that America offered an open field for the Necchi, which could perform upwards of 20 sewing operations usually done by hand—embroider, monogram, sew on buttons, speedily darn anything from hubby's socks to the seat of Junior's baseball pants—and do it all without extra attachments.

With the brash enthusiasm of the pioneer, Jolson promptly dispatched an optimistic report to the Italian factory, and begged for a trial assignment of machines.

Weeks passed before the reply came. No machines could be shipped to the U. S. on speculation. Jolson would have to prove demand with substantial orders. Meanwhile, however, a few demonstration models would be sent when available.

Businessmen with less nerve might well have given up. Not Jolson. The proceeds of his repair business were insufficient for a worth-while sales campaign. So Jolson took his problem to the United Service for New Americans—and came away with a loan of $2,000.

Shifting his base of operations to a small downtown store, he bombarded leading New York distributors of sewing machines with sales brochures, then telephoned to request interviews. The response was bewilderingly unproductive.

ONE AFTERNOON, during a fruitless round of calls, Jolson dropped into a cafeteria for a cup of coffee and got talking with a businessman named Ben Krisiloff. Something about this new American's resolute manner—unruffled by setbacks—convinced Krisiloff that failure wasn't in Jolson's vocabulary.

"Keep trying," he advised Jolson. "If you run low on money, you can use my place as an office."

Jolson conducted an informal poll among housewives who visited his repair shop. Their reaction to his word-picture of the Italian machine's sewing feats was almost invariably an offer to purchase one.

On the strength of this he engaged a newspaper-clipping service to spot the advertisements of sewing-machine retailers all over America. And when four Necchi demonstration models were delivered to him in mid-1948, with his funds dwindling fast, he made what would have to be his last attempt to crash the American market.

Hour upon hour far into the night, Jolson and his wife turned out samples of the different kinds

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of stitches the machines made. Then they stapled the sample stitches on cards and mailed a trial batch to 150 key retailers scattered across the country.

Now came the waiting. Jolson tried to relax, to forget business. He and Anne explored Manhattan, fed the pigeons in Central Park, took a ferryboat to Staten Island.

Then, three days later, it happened. By mail, telegram, and phone, orders and inquiries flowed in from the retailers in a deluge that continued for weeks!

Jolson made a whirlwind tour of Eastern cities to demonstrate the Necchi to shopkeepers and department-store buyers. When he caught his breath, he totted up orders for 15,000 machines! With the last of his $2,000 loan, he telephoned Italy to arrange for swift delivery.

Ironically, he now found himself with scarcely enough money to buy food. For several days, the Jolsons ate only oranges and cornflakes.

But suddenly he was greeted by another immensely satisfying turn of events. Scores of New York distributors came clamoring to do business with him, to offer the working capital he needed.

Jolson didn't hesitate for a moment. Loyal to the man who had befriended him in the cafeteria, he offered Krisiloff the opportunity to become his partner. Krisiloff didn't hesitate either.

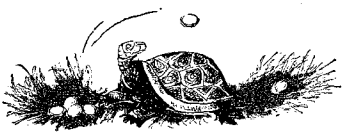
With the Necchi safely launched, Jolson's first act was to repay the loan from the United Service for New Americans and, in addition, present them with a gift of $1,000 to help some other DP start a new life in the U. S.

Jolson has prospered beyond belief. His New York offices, showroom, and plant occupy eight floors in a building off Seventh Avenue.

Today the Jolsons live the good life in a tree-studded, peaceful New York suburb with three-year-old Barbara, their first child, adding to the newfound happiness. His life now is stirring evidence that the new immigrant, like his predecessor at the turn of the century, still may toil freely in this nation to establish an enterprise of his own.

"It could only happen in America," Jolson gratefully declares.

Beastly Behavior



THE MALE mountain lion responds with a meaningful whistle to the female's screaming during the mating season.

Most raccoons wash their food before eating it, when water is available.

The Common Stickleback, a fish, gets red in the belly and throat when it gets angry.

The pack rat will steal any small object, and frequently leaves something in its place, generally a stick or a pine cone.

Mosquitoes are repelled by red light, attracted by blue light.

The water ouzel, a songbird, is capable of swimming under water.

The eggs of a snapping turtle are so elastic they will bounce.

—PAUL STEINER

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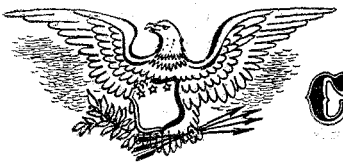


WHO CAUGHT THEM?

WALTER GREAZA, star of "Treasury Men in Action" (Thursday, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV), wants to see how many of the following questions you can answer. See if you can match each case below with the Federal agency which would handle it. If you get 12-14 correct, your score is excellent; 8-13 correct is only fair, and less than 8 indicates that you need to study up. For the correct answers, turn to page 119.

A. Bureau of Customs
B. Immigration Border Patrol
C. Federal Bureau of Investigation
D. Bureau of Narcotics
E. Securities and Exchange Comm.
F. Bureau of Internal Revenue
G. Secret Service
H. Postal Inspection Service
I. Alcohol Tax Unit

---

1. Liza Shultz thought she was really outsmarting the authorities when she brought diamonds into America hidden in the heels of her shoes, but the _____ wasn't fooled.

2. The American steamship, J. J. Clem, was halfway to New York when mutiny broke out. Upon docking, the _____ _____ was summoned to question the suspects.

3. The Fair Uranium Company sold phony stock to unsuspecting widows. The principals were apprehended by _____.

4. Tom Eagan was getting rich counterfeiting postage and revenue stamps. The _____ agents confiscated his press and arrested him.

5. John Jackson tried to import automatic weapons without a license. Agents of the _____ arrested him.

6. "Scarface" Watson in New York phoned Mrs. Rich in California threatening to expose her past to her husband if she didn't give him $10,000. She reported the incident to the _____.

7. Bernie Notax failed to report all of his income. He was questioned by a representative of the _____.

8. When Mr. Samson received a "blackmail" letter in the morning mail, he reported it to the _____.

9. Tony Mandrez was slipping from Mexico into Texas when the _____ _____ caught him.

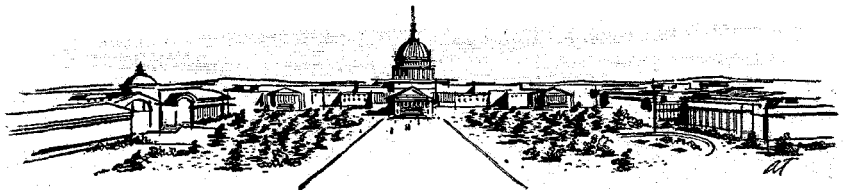
10. When the young Puerto Rican tried to enter Blair House to kill the President, a _____ agent shot him.

11. Jake Huhn was bootlegging liquor just outside of Nashville until he was arrested by the _____.

12. Melvin Ingram declared bankruptcy after putting his assets in Mrs. Ingram's name. The _____ investigated him for illegal bankruptcy.

13. The Precious Metal Company sold the gold intended for retail jewelers to black-market operators. The principals were caught by the _____.

14. Lightfoot's Drugstore sold dope to teen-agers until the agents of the _____ _____ arrested the owner.



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THE PUBERTY PROBLEM FOR PARENTS

by AMY SELWYN

The child entering adolescence needs your sympathy, understanding, and guidance

OF ALL THE PROBLEMS that parents must face in raising children, none is more neglected or misunderstood than puberty. Most adults consider puberty as a "phase" their offspring must "go through." But actually, puberty is a time of headlong, drastic physical growth. Also, it is accompanied by radical psychological changes in the adolescent. Most important, his health and emotional balance in adulthood may hinge on how well he weathers the metamorphosis.

When parents fail to realize this, grave damage may be done. Therefore, puberty is almost more a problem period for parents than for their children. Whether it is to be a constructive or destructive time for your child depends largely on how you act towards him from day to day, and how you cope with issues —even minor ones—that arise.

Have you ever laughed at a teenager for bumbling awkwardness? Teased him about his sudden and remarkable increase in height and weight? Tried to joke with a boy about the fresh down on his chin, or with a girl about her broadening hips or developing breasts?

At best, these seemingly innocent gestures are painfully embarrassing to the victim. They can seriously undermine whatever self-assurance he possesses—just at a time when he should be growing in confidence and courage.

It is equally dangerous to be too solicitous of a youngster during puberty. Consider the mother of one 14-year-old boy in Orange, New Jersey. "My mother watches over me every minute," the boy complained recently. "She asks me ten times a day if I am feeling all right. She wears herself out cooking foods I like so I'll grow and put on weight. She won't let me help with the dishes—she says she doesn't want me to worry about tripping over my long legs."

This mother sincerely believes she is making life easier for her son during an upsetting period in his progress toward manhood. She fails to realize that by being so overprotective she is merely making him feel he is not competent enough to think or act for himself. Once that feeling takes hold of a boy, he may not be able to throw it off.

What, then, is the right kind of

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help to offer a boy or girl during puberty? That question was taken recently to those in the best position to answer it: parents who have just lived through this trying family period. As you will see, some of them were outstandingly successful in guiding their children. Some made some pretty bad mistakes. From all their experiences, you can get valuable pointers on handling the six problems most commonly presented by pubescent boys and girls.

1. Laziness

When Kenneth was 12, he was captain of his class basketball team, played first base on his Scout troop's baseball nine, and lifted weights in his spare time. At 13½, he abruptly lost all interest in sports. In fact, he had little energy for anything. Initially, his parents joked about the boy's laziness; then they nagged and even threatened him. But Kenneth wouldn't budge. Finally, they were wise enough to ask a physician for his opinion.

Here is the gist of the doctor's explanation: during puberty, it is normal for a youngster to be unusually tired; for one reason, his rapid growth is in itself fatiguing.

At this time, therefore, it is desirable that a child get plenty of rest. He should not be pushed into strenuous physical activities. On the other hand, however, if he likes to participate in sports there is no reason to discourage him.

2. Overtimidity

Consider the case of Ginny who, at 13, suddenly became very shy and seclusive. She dropped all her friends, even the girl next door with whom she had played every afternoon since they had turned six. Ginny flatly refused to go to dancing class or to club meetings. She kept saying she didn't want to go to camp next summer, and that no one could make her.

Her parents were mystified, until one day her father happened to run into two of Ginny's former playmates. Both girls had grown half a head taller since he last had seen them, and both had ample figures. Ginny's body was still as straight and compact as when she was eight years old.

Immediately, this father sensed what was back of Ginny's timidity: she was afraid there was something seriously wrong with her, and that perhaps she might never grow up as her friends had. He and his wife knew that her slow development was nothing to worry about, since youngsters vary tremendously in their rate of growth.

To bring this home to Ginny, her mother took her to a university library to read what experts say on the subject. They noted the words of Lawrence K. Frank, a leading authority on adolescence: "Puberty occurs at any time from 10½ to 17 in girls, and from 11 to 17 or 18 in boys." They read the reports of Dr. Herbert R. Stolz, Deputy Superintendent of Education in California. Of 100 boys studied, ten were one and a half or more years below average in physiological development, and ten were one and a half or more years accelerated.

The rest of Ginny's story proves what a little parental reassurance can do. Two days later, she asked to have two of her old friends over to supper, and they all talked about their plans for summer camp.

3. Sexual Awakening

Mr. G. had always had a close,

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candid relationship with his son, Frank. "Whenever Frank has a problem," he often said, "he comes straight to me." That, partly, was why he was so upset when he discovered that Frank had suddenly stopped confiding in him. What upset him most was his fear that masturbation would make Frank physically ill or mentally disturbed. He made sure to tell Frank so, in the strongest words he knew.

Many parents share Mr. G.'s fears. And many learn, as he did, that the problem cannot be handled effectively by threats or warnings.

Fortunately for Frank, Mr. G. realized in time that the best way to handle this serious problem was, first, to offer the boy sympathetic understanding. And second, to try to bolster the boy's interest in sports, hobbies, and social activities.

4. Hostility

It was around Betty's 11th birthday that her aunt and aunt's infant daughter moved in with them. Around that time, too, Betty became unbearably surly and ill-tempered. Her mother thought perhaps she was jealous of the baby because it monopolized everybody's attention. Her father kept saying kids always get touchy at the beginning of adolescence, and that they ought to leave her alone.

Neither saw that if a girl is persistently hostile towards her parents, it is probably because she feels angry over something they have done to her. Actually, Betty was hostile because of what her parents hadn't done: they had not taken the time or trouble to prepare her for puberty and for the strange, new experiences she might expect.

They didn't say a word to her about menstruation until it had come, and had left her bewildered and frightened. Even then, they said none of the things that might have reassured her: for instance, that menstruation was a healthy, vital function, enabling her to bear children when she grew up.

You may not think these omissions serious enough to make a girl as hostile and bitter as Betty. But doctors and psychologists soberly warn that the physiological changes of puberty can have devastating emotional effects on a youngster who isn't prepared.

5. Crushes

Living with an adolescent is never more exasperating, parents say, than when he or she develops a crush. Maryann's folks were as annoyed as any when she became passionately attached to her English teacher. Maryann talked about the woman incessantly, aped her walk, her dress, even her handwriting. She scorned anything her parents said that didn't jibe exactly with her crush's opinions.

Maryann's parents were knowing enough to guess that they couldn't cure the crush by opposing it openly or using force. They also knew they had to do something, because such an intense, dependent relationship wasn't good for the girl. Crushes are dangerous in that they usually develop at a time when the youngster should be starting to show an interest in the opposite sex.

The parents went to the teacher and frankly asked if she would help them. She would, so the three of them spent an evening mapping strategy.

"Maybe Maryann and I could redecorate her room," said the

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mother. "Then she might bring kids her own age in to play."

"Perhaps Maryann and I could join the Saturday morning painting class at the community center," suggested the teacher, "and then I could drop out. Maryann has talent for painting, so she probably would stay on without me."

The father said he could speak to his brother-in-law about turning his basement into a clubroom for boys and girls in Maryann's class.

The parents and teacher weren't sure these strategic plans would work. But they did.

6. Secretiveness

How should you cope with an adolescent who sulks whenever you try to give him advice or inquire about his personal affairs? That is what Mrs. R. asked Mrs. M. one morning when they met in the supermarket. Mrs. M. replied:

"It seems to me that by the time a boy is 13 or 14, he should have the right to decide for himself who his friends will be, and how he will spend his time. Besides, you'd be surprised how much he will tell you of his own accord if he doesn't think you are forcing him to talk."

Mrs. M. knew instinctively what psychologists wish all parents knew: when a boy or girl reaches puberty, the urge towards independence and emancipation becomes as powerful as a baby's urge to crawl. If this urge is thwarted, the youngster becomes all the more anxious to defy his parents.

Most mothers and fathers don't realize how much trouble they make for themselves when they impose too many restrictions on their teen-age sons and daughters. According to a five-year study carried out by the Progressive Education Association, a startling proportion of parents read their adolescents' mail, listen in on phone conversations, go through their children's pockets, demand an accounting of every penny spent.

A group of 528 boys and girls in the State of Washington were asked to name their bitterest complaint against parents. Four of five blamed their parents for dictating how they should spend their money, and who their friends should be, and what they should eat, and how they should pass their leisure time.

But—should a teen-ager be completely free to run his own life? He should not—and anyway, he doesn't want to be. What he does want was amply illustrated when 600 junior high-school students took part in a youth forum in New York City. They were asked what they wanted most from their parents. They replied, unanimously: the chance to sit together with their folks and jointly solve problems. Otherwise, when they become adults, they may still need somebody to tell them what to think and how to live.

Mrs. M. knew that, too, instinctively, for she and her husband and 14-year-old son met once a week in a "family council." After the dinner dishes were cleared away, they would sit around the table and decide such questions as how late the boy should stay out when he went to a party, whether he might do his homework with the radio on, whether he should spend his allowance for a new football or save it until he had enough for a racing bike. They not only cleared up ticklish problems, but had fun doing it.

In Clayton, Missouri, this sound

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technique has been carried further. There, a group of parents *and* their youngsters *and* the teachers and principal of the local school together worked out a code of behavior for boys and girls in the early teens. When they finished, the code looked something like this:

1. All parties are to be on Friday and Saturday evenings (birthday parties on the nearest week end).
2. Chaperons should be present at all parties.
3. Hours: no later than 11:30 on week ends; earlier on weekdays.
4. Movies may be attended not more than twice a week.
5. Radios are to be shut off during homework time.
6. Boys and girls should keep their parents informed of where they go and what time they expect to be home.

Perhaps you are surprised that the 13-, 14- and 15-year-olds who joined in setting up this code were not a lot more demanding. But this simply serves to re-emphasize the basic theme of this article: if you treat your teen-age youngster sympathetically, and consider his needs and feelings, he and you can live through the period of puberty with a minimum of conflict and difficulty.

Capital Briefs

THE LATE SENATOR "Ham" Lewis, whose courtly manner toward women was the talk of all Washington, stood in the lobby of a café where he had just dined. He failed to perceive that he had preempted the place generally occupied by the headwaiter, until a very pretty woman entered and inquired of him: "May I have that table over there?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the Senator. "It will give me great pleasure to escort you thither."

Seated at her table, the fair patroness glanced at the menu and then said to Lewis: "What do you recommend?"

Smiling graciously, and bowing low, the Senator favored the lady with this memorable reply: "Madam, if I were not married, I should unhesitatingly recommend myself." —*Wall St. Journal*

MRS. NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS, Director of the U. S. Mint, was visiting a melting room one day when a burly workman asked if he might have a private word with her. Expecting a complaint, so the story goes, she led him out into the corridor where he looked quickly to the left and right, then leaned toward her confidentially and whispered: "Your slip is showing."

—MABEL M. BISBING

LITTLE JOEL, aged 3, was lost in the vast reaches of Washington's Union Station. Frantically, his mother rushed to the information desk and excitedly told the clerk what had happened. Without batting an eyelash, the youngish clerk turned to his microphone and broadcast: "Joel Ellison, aged 3, please report to the information booth." —HENRY W. PLATT

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Flight from Time

by LOUIS REDMOND

In the cities, the clocks are always hammering at us, and the clocks always win.

We may hurry the long-distance operator, streamline the train, jet-propel the plane, soup up the gasoline, scribble "Rush" on the important package and "Special Delivery" on the air-mail letter—but Time always gets there first, and is twitching its whip when we arrive. "Get going—you're late again," says Time.

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Occasionally we grow tired of the race. Then some homing instinct leads us out of the cities and into the great quiet places of the earth. Here Time itself sleeps and the clocks forget to beat. The silence you hear is the sound of Forever taking its ease in the sun. It is a strangely comforting sound.

All the long thoughts of men have come out of the big quiet places. The thoughts we call religion were born in the desert, where ancient travelers believed they saw, under the blinding brightness of the raw sky, traces of a great Design which they

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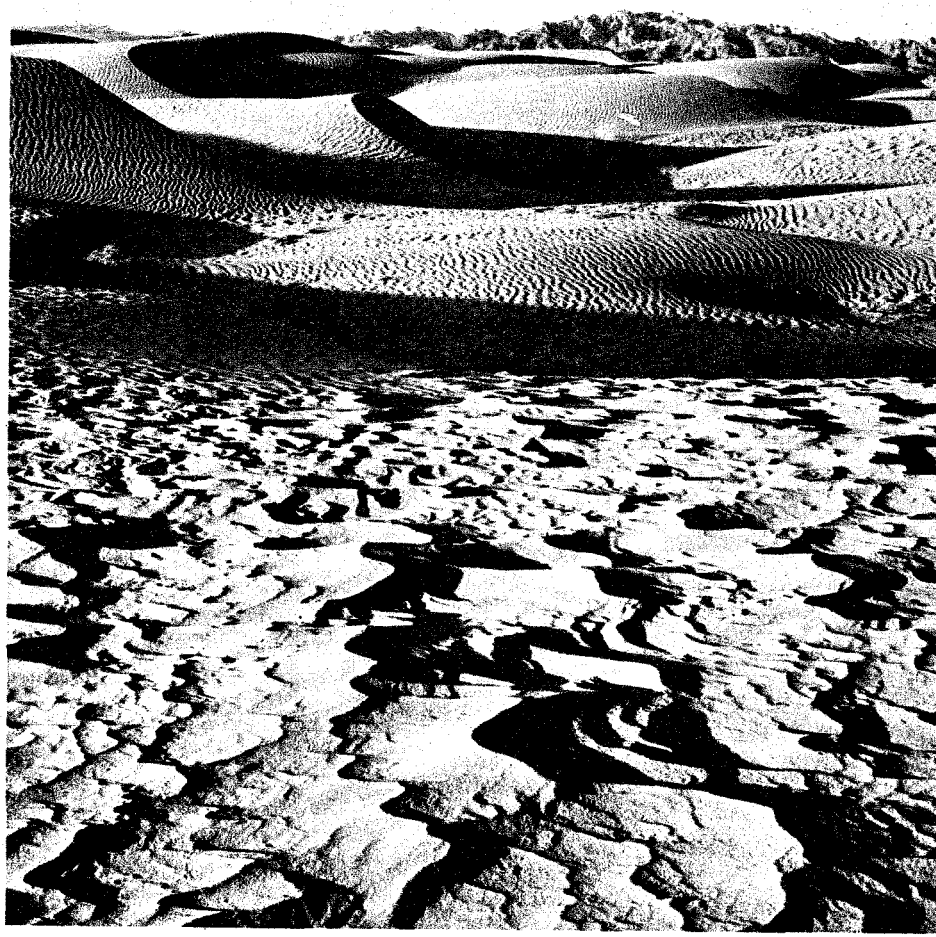

tried haltingly to put into words. The modern traveler in the desert is dazzled by the same sun, filled with the same inexpressible thoughts, moved in the same mysterious way. And suddenly two thousand years of Time disappear, and the man in the fast motor car knows himself to be no different from the ancient prophet on a camel.

In the desert nothing is new, nothing is old, everything is just as it has always been. The spirit, for reasons of its own, finds reassurance in this.

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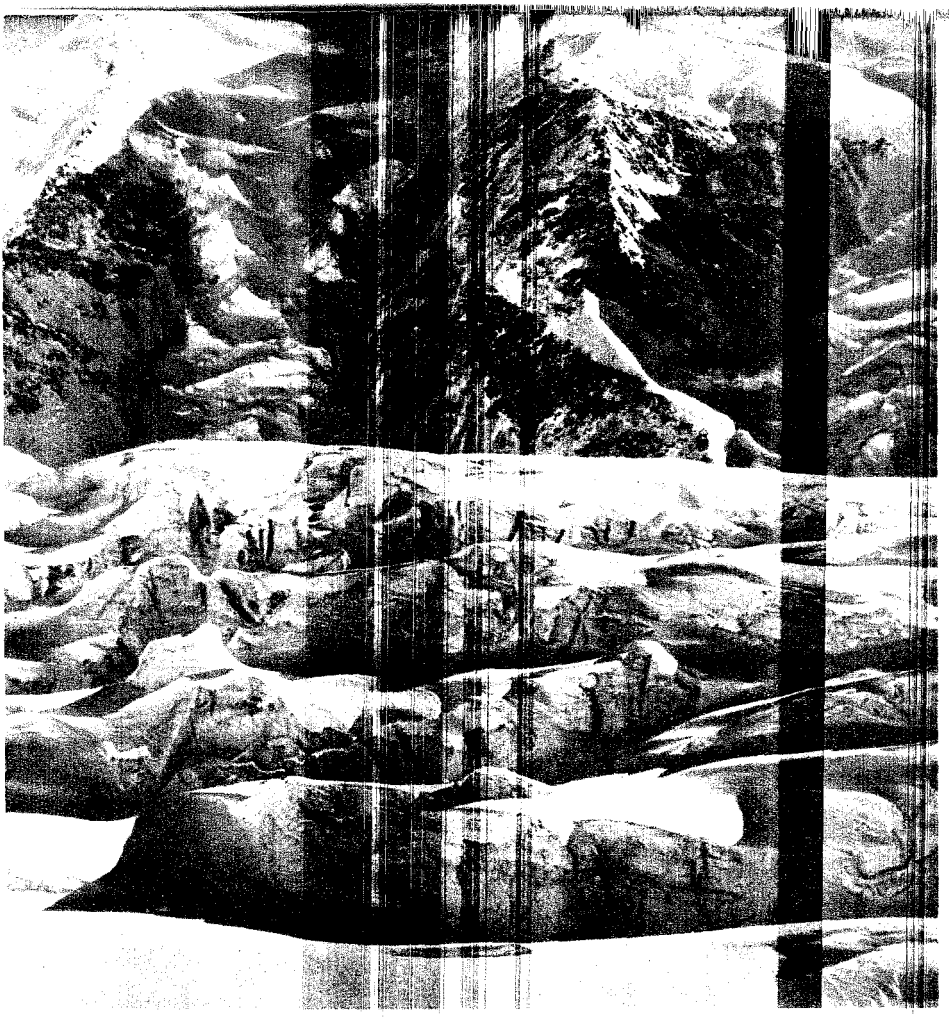

Some men find in the mountains the refuge they need from the nagging of the clocks. For mountains never hurry. They are where they want to be. The lover of mountains gives himself up to the massive patience of mountains, is infected with the vast contentment of mountains. And for a while he is, like all lovers, hidden from the eye of Time.

The great spaces are not always still. Sometimes a storm seizes them like a sudden burst of emotion. Then the sky shouts and

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rolls about; wind and rain pour over the shaken earth. The violence of space is frightening, but not like the steady rusting of Time, for it is not aimed at us. A storm is a great release, and its passing leaves the earth cleansed and calm. That is why there will always be those who will leave their houses to watch the hurricane, who will turn from the dry, lighted room to walk with the sting of the rain in their faces and give themselves to the freedom of the wind.

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A swamp is a haunted place. You can imagine dinosaurs lurking behind the cypresses, and sea monsters gliding wickedly in the root-stained water. You are afraid to go in, but you cannot go away either, for there is a deep appeal about a place that seems never to have been altered since the day the world was born. The swamp is immune from the axes of men and the chisel of Time. It remains itself. And we, who are proud of the changes we make on the face of the earth, are glad to come to a place we have not been able to change.

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Nature disdains the tightly framed little landscapes of the museums. Nature builds, carves, paints, and composes with an enormous hand. And yet, oddly enough, we do not feel dwarfed or humiliated by the immensity of space.

It is the immensities of our own making—the skyscraper, the suspension bridge, the six-lane super-highway—that make us feel unnecessary and small. In the subway we are all John Doe. In the open spaces, we are all Adam.

And always there is the sea, looking just as it did the last time

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we saw it—as fresh, as clean, as unworn. Watching the sea, you realize that the world is not rushing away like a train you must catch. It is still here; it will stay here; there is no hurry. It is not later than you think. How can you be late where nothing ever changes?

For hurried men, that is the appeal of the great quiet places, where space is the cure for Time, and there are no walls to echo the nervous beating of the clocks.

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Treasure from the Air

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Flying prospectors are penetrating rock and earth to reveal fabulous new riches

THE MEN STARED at each other in awed silence as their plane roared over the savannas of Venezuela. Below, they now knew for sure, was one of the richest treasure troves ever discovered, a fantastic cache worth perhaps ten billion dollars!

Yet, strangely enough, the flying prospectors were not even looking out the windows at the green slopes sliding by beneath them. Instead, they were peering at a strip of paper unwinding from a machine. The jagged inked lines on it told a story of fabulous riches that nature had concealed through the ages.

The U. S., which just a few years ago was faced with the specter of shortages in oil and desperately needed minerals, now finds hope in the discovery of tremendous new resources. Iron in Venezuela and Labrador; oil in California, South Dakota, and under the sea in the Caribbean; asbestos in Maine; uranium in Michigan—these are just a few of the bonanzas already revealed by a new triumph of science. For, after centuries of plodding painfully over the ground, prospectors have acquired uncanny powers that enable them to see through rocks and earth from planes in flight.

How can a plane, high above the earth, disclose secrets concealed to men walking right over them? To find the answer, you must look not only to new developments in aerial photography but to new scientific devices. Curiously, for the most amazing of these magic eyes that X-ray the earth we can thank the Nazi submarines of World War II.

Faced with the desperate problem of spotting these undersea marauders beneath murky waters, scientists

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pondered the fact that a compass goes into wild gyrations in the presence of a body of metal, particularly iron or steel. Perhaps, they thought, a compasslike magnetic device could be made to respond to even as small a body of metal as a submarine.

The first crude gadget was a failure, because it reacted to the plane itself. Then U. S. Navy engineers tried dangling the tiny magnetic element on the end of a hundred-foot cable, through which electrical impulses traveled to a recording instrument in the plane. It worked, and MAD (magnetic air-borne detector) was soon helping our Navy send U-boats to the bottom.

That gave scientists of the U. S. Geological Survey an idea. If MAD could spot submarines beneath the water, why couldn't it locate bodies of ore beneath the ground? The geologists soon had their answer. The miraculous gadget showed spurts of magnetism wherever there was ore.

With evidence that here was something big, private companies tackled the task of adapting MAD for its new job; and in the past two years, news of MAD discoveries have come from every part of the globe.

When the excited geologists unlocked the fabulous treasure chest hidden so long in that Venezuelan mountain, they breathed a prayer of thankfulness. They might never have found it without the magic of aerial prospecting.

THE STORY BEGINS right after World War II, when U. S. steelmakers contemplated the terrible drain that had been made on the Mesabi Range in Minnesota. Either the U. S. would have to start using low-grade taconite, at enormous expense, for new types of plants, or, someplace in the world, it would have to find new sources of iron.

U. S. Steel sent prospectors out into the far corners of the globe in a thorough search. One of the spots picked was Venezuela. Enough ore had been found near the coast to make them sure there was more inland. The problem was to find just where.

The mass of jungles and mountains seemed the likeliest bet, so prospectors were sent out by Mack C. Lake, chief engineer of the project, to comb the area. In places the jungle growth was so thick that progress through it was measured in yards per day. Swarms of flies and ticks tormented the searchers: the bush crawled with snakes.

Folke Kihlstedt, resident engineer, had hunted gold and iron in Europe, Africa, and the Philippines, but he had never seen anything like this. The search went on with no sign of success, and the men became more and more discouraged. They might have given up if Cayford Burrell, chief geologist, hadn't looked through some aerial photos made by the U. S. Army during World War II. These photos showed the mountains in which the men were searching, but they also took in the broad plains, or savannas, stretching to the horizon.

As Burrell and Kihlstedt studied the photos, they realized that complete aerial mapping would be of incalculable help. They hired an aerial-survey company to take photos of the area.

Kihlstedt was excited when he studied the new pictures. In the jungle he had found that wherever there was a considerable amount of

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iron in the rock, there was also a growth of copei, a tree with light foliage. In these photos he could see a whole mountainside covered with the telltale trees!

One morning Kihlstedt and his men struggled up La Parida, the copei-covered mountain. Soon they came to a slope dotted with iron boulders of unbelievable purity. Was this just a tantalizing surface deposit or was there more to be found beneath the surface?

A plane equipped with MAD was soon flying over the mountain. The magnetic recorder told the geologists the incredible truth: they had found one of the biggest iron deposits ever discovered. New iron strikes from the air are being made not only in such distant spots as Venezuela and Labrador, but in places much closer to home.

A hundred years ago, geologists discovered iron ore in eastern Pennsylvania. They were sure a large deposit was hidden somewhere under the rolling terrain, but nobody could find it. Hundreds of holes that pockmarked the hills were mute evidence of the futile search.

Then, in 1951, an MAD-equipped plane roared over the 900,000 acres believed to contain the elusive ore. In the first few hours of flight, the crews saw a sudden jerk in the jagged lines recording magnetic radiations from the earth below. It was clear that they were over an immense body of ore. Dawn-to-dusk flights finished the job of surveying in thirty days.

Soon after that, diamond-drilling crews went to work on the ground. The samples they brought up were rich in iron, just as MAD had predicted they would be.

All over the world, petroleum geologists have taken to the air to seek new reservoirs of black gold. In the Caribbean, for instance, where oil sleuths had long suspected there might be oil, the problem of how to find it had always stopped them. The oil might be any place—close along the shores of islands, in the shoals near them, or far out in open water. Planes looked like the answer, for geologists had discovered that, while oil is not magnetic, MAD can spot underground or underwater formations that are likely to contain it. Yet there were obstacles to using the airborne magnetic eye. There was no way in which pilots could tell exactly where the plane had been at a given point on the magnetic record.

CP
UNITED
CEREBRAL
PALSY

The company that tackled the job licked this dilemma with another wartime gadget, Shoran, the radar guide system used by the Army Air Force for precision bombing. To house the Shoran equipment they set up their own floating islands—two ships 30 miles apart. The continuous signals they sent out enabled the pilots to maintain a fixed course.

It was tough work; airmen averred it was "like making an instrument landing all day long." But the technique worked, and geologists now have equipment that may help them find new oil fields to feed our petroleum-hungry machines.

From the beginning, one of the exciting challenges of prospecting

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by air was the possibility that it might be used in the quest for today's superjackpot—uranium. In fact, if a daring adventurer had not tried prospecting from a plane, America might not have been first with atomic power.

Gilbert LaBine, a Canadian prospector, had devoted years to prospecting in the frozen reaches of northern Ontario. In 1929, he hired a pilot to land him on the shores of Great Bear Lake, a lonely body of water deep in the Arctic.

Week after week, LaBine stumbled along the wild shores, collecting various minerals. Still, when his pilot, the fabulous bush flier, Punch Dickens, picked him up, LaBine was discouraged.

As the plane climbed above the lake, LaBine gazed longingly at the shadowy eastern shore. If only he could get a close look at it!

Above the roar of the motor, he shouted to Dickens, "Got enough gas to fly over there?" and in a few minutes the plane was skimming 500 feet above the mysterious shore.

The first look was disappointing. Nothing except unpromising rocks. Then, as they neared the end of the lake, LaBine saw the cobalt blue and copper green of rock which he suspected was pitchblende, the stuff that is rich with uranium.

Later LaBine came back on foot, to inspect that broad pathway of black. He knew that he had made a fantastic find, but not until later was he to learn that he had actually discovered one of the richest uranium deposits in the world—a deposit from which would ultimately come the raw materials for the world's first atomic bomb.

LaBine's great find was a stroke of luck. But today scientists are at work on a complicated gadget that may sleuth out new uranium riches. It's really a number of Geiger counters combined into one supersensitive instrument.

When a plane flies 500 feet above the ground, even uranium buried deep in the earth makes the counters start clicking. Though the AEC is not shouting the information from the housetops, it is known that the device was considered "successful" after an experimental search in northern Michigan.

One Man's Opinion

I often quote myself; it adds spice to my conversation.
—George Bernard Shaw

The guy who figured out how to get 25,000 units of Vitamin A in one tiny capsule must have been a bus driver.
—Charley Jones

There is just one sure way to avoid seasickness—wear a tight collar.
—Fred Allen

No man or woman really knows what perfect love is until they have been married a quarter of a century.
—Mark Twain

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Main Street, U.S.A.

AFTER LISTENING to a speech by a thickly accented South Carolina Democrat, Republican Senator Flanders of Vermont paraphrased Voltaire: "I don't understand a word you say, but I'll defend your right to say it."

—BETTY MUELLER

WHEN IT COMES to showing the stuff you're made of, nobody can equal today's ladies in evening dress.

IT WAS NOT until I got pretty well along in years that I discovered how easy and effective it is to say, "I don't know."

—*Farm Journal*

EXPERIENCE IS the cheapest thing you can buy, if you're smart enough to get it secondhand. —*Pangborn News*

TV ISN'T replacing radio half as fast as it is homework. —*Pathfinder*

A MAN IS KNOWN by the company he keeps—until he runs out of entertainment money.

—WES LAWRENCE (Cleveland *Plain Dealer*)

OF FACTS ABOUT MONEY, this is the worst: to make it last, you must make it first.

—*Sunshine Magazine*

THERE ARE TWO important things we don't know about the enormous amounts of money that are being spent by the government these days: first, where the money is coming from; and second, where it is going.

WE WISH the biologists who have developed a rabbit that fights back would do something along this line for the American taxpayer.

IN THESE DAYS of inflation, it is virtually an insult to tell a girl she looks like a million dollars. —*Grit*

MUD THROWN is ground lost.

—*Hoard's Dairyman*

GOSSIP IN a small town is just about the same as that in the larger cities, but generally more unanimous.

—*Ogle County Republican* (Oregon, Ill.)

IT'S RARELY wise to argue with a fool. The bystanders might not know which is which.

—*Siftings*

A RICH MAN is one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

—*Bluebird Briefs*

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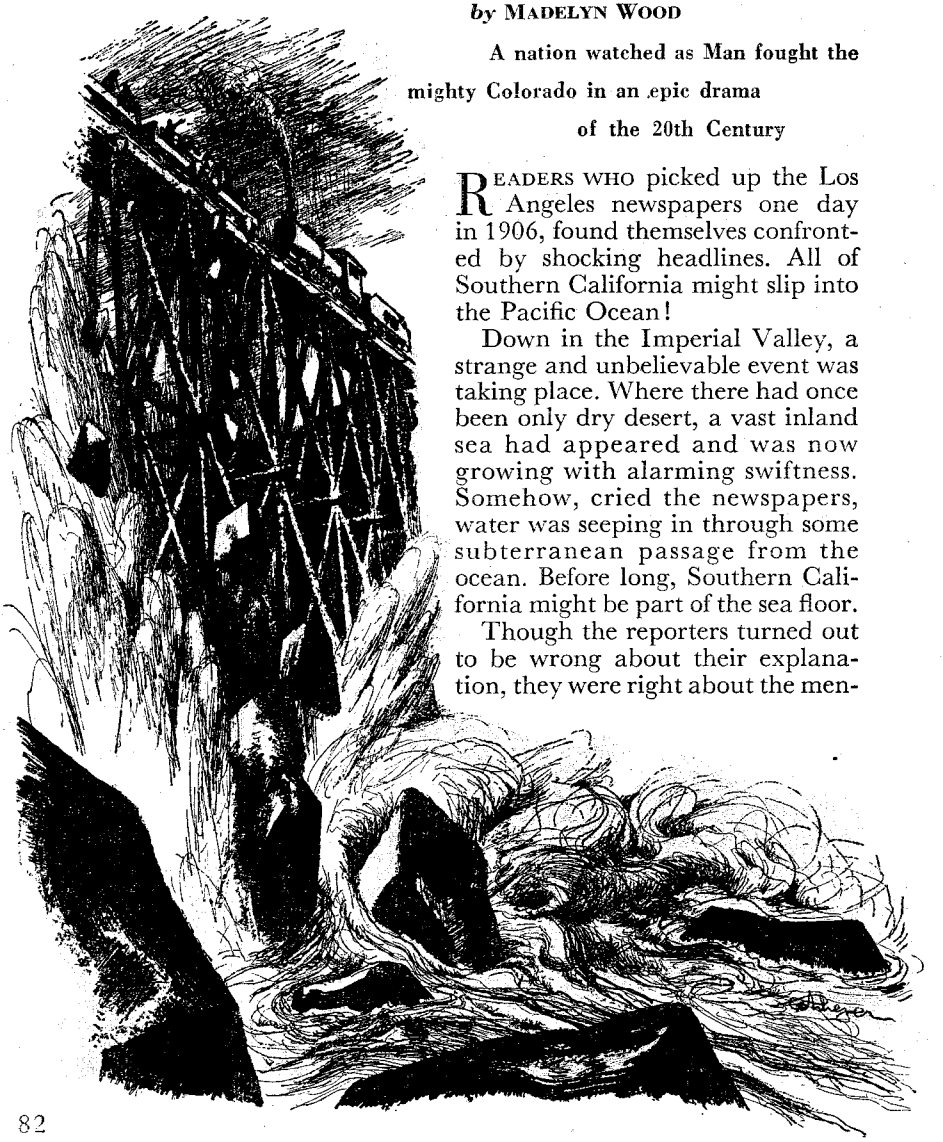
The Battle to Save

by MADELYN WOOD

A nation watched as Man fought the mighty Colorado in an epic drama of the 20th Century



READERS WHO picked up the Los Angeles newspapers one day in 1906, found themselves confronted by shocking headlines. All of Southern California might slip into the Pacific Ocean!

Down in the Imperial Valley, a strange and unbelievable event was taking place. Where there had once been only dry desert, a vast inland sea had appeared and was now growing with alarming swiftness. Somehow, cried the newspapers, water was seeping in through some subterranean passage from the ocean. Before long, Southern California might be part of the sea floor.

Though the reporters turned out to be wrong about their explanation, they were right about the men-

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Imperial Valley

ace to a huge area of California. A disaster that would soon grip the attention of the nation was in the making, and it was going to lead to one of history's strangest battles between man and nature. What gave it an odd twist was that man, not nature, had started the trouble, with an engineering mistake.

It all began in the late '90s when adventurous promoters set out to turn the Imperial Valley into a garden spot by building a canal from the mighty Colorado River. As life-giving water poured in, so did thousands of settlers, and the desert, which had been virtually uninhabited, sprang into life. By 1904 it boasted a population of 15,000, with more coming every day. Imperial, Holtville, Brawley, El Centro, Calexico sprang up overnight. Lavish crops of alfalfa, cotton, melons, and grapes were making the valley an agricultural wonderland.

For a few years the Colorado rolled calmly through the canal, a red and sleepy giant, willing to play along for a while with this man-made scheme. But there was trouble ahead. Its waters were carrying tons of sand into the opening of the canal, building up a giant levee, 20 feet high, 20 feet wide, and a mile long. Finally the first four miles of the canal were blocked and Imperial Valley's water supply was almost cut off.

Meanwhile the merciless sun continued to beat down, shriveling the crops. Frantic farmers threatened to lynch the development-company officers who had lured them into the desert with promises that there would always be water.

Something had to be done fast, and that something was to dig a ditch that by-passed the blocked section of the canal. Later, the engineers figured, they would build a control gate; the need for water was too desperate to worry about that now. Right there came the mistake that cost millions, frightened all Southern Californians, and almost destroyed the richest agricultural valley in the world.

More and more water began to flow into the ditch. By August, 1905, the stunned engineers were able to see catastrophe taking shape. The Colorado River, which for millenniums had flowed into the Gulf of California, had changed its course. The whole river was now roaring through the ditch, thundering along, not south but north—into Imperial Valley. The engineers had to get the river back in its original course—but how?

Development officials begged the Southern Pacific Railroad, with its big stake in the Valley, to step into the picture. The railroad had already given some financial help, but more was desperately needed. E. H. Harriman, famed head of the railroad, sent an engineer to take a look. When he saw the red tide ripping through the cut, he sent a

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frantic wire to Harriman. The job would cost millions. "Stop it at any cost!" Harriman wired back.

So the fight began. They tried several dams, with no success. Then, engineers based their hopes on a scheme to dig out the original channel with a giant dredge from San Francisco. But on April 18, when the dredge was loaded in a flatcar, ready to be shipped, nature struck at that city with the great earthquake and fire. Tumbled under tons of debris was the dredge so desperately needed in the Imperial Valley.

Numbly, the engineer in charge stared at the telegram from Southern Pacific headquarters. "Deeply regret this act of God destroys your hopes. Advise you to fight on as best you can."

BY NOW THE WATERS had created a vast lake, called the Salton Sea, which covered almost 800 square miles. Reporters sent out disturbing reports of what was happening, among them the theory that all that water couldn't be coming just from the river, but must be seeping in from the ocean. Fifty top engineers reported that the job was too big for the railroad—maybe too big for anybody.

Harriman roared with rage at that verdict, and sent a new engineer, Harry Cory, who plunged into the job with furious urgency. He wasn't sure he could lick the Colorado, but nobody was going to say he hadn't tried. He would need a railroad first, a branch line from Yuma to haul in supplies. In six weeks it was built. At the scene of the river break, workmen's barracks, a hospital, a roundhouse were set up. Labor was scarce so Cory brought in six tribes of Indians from Mexico and Arizona. For a time, it seemed, he was winning. He even got a gate installed in the face of the tearing current—only to see a flash flood wash it away.

As the situation grew more desperate, mass meetings of angry citizens were held. Heated telegrams began to pour into Washington, landing on the desk of Theodore Roosevelt. Angrily he sent a wire to Harriman. Why hadn't the railroad stopped the river?

Harriman shot back a wire saying that the railroad had already spent more than a million dollars of stockholders' money. It would spend no more. Why didn't the government do the job?

For days the telegrams went back and forth, while the nation looked on in amazement at this strange tug of war between a famous businessman and the President of the United States. Finally Harriman gave in, and the President gratefully promised to do all he could to get Congress to reimburse the railroad.

Harriman himself rushed to the scene. He shook his head when he saw the fury of the waters as they rushed through the cut. Then he whirled to face his engineers. "Turn it at all costs," he said shortly. "Forget the money. Stop the river!"

Engineers in huddled consultations decided that there was only one way to challenge the flood. Out along 1,200 miles of the main line went electrifying orders. The railroad was to be mobilized to haul rock to beat the Colorado. Every available flatcar was to be pressed into service. All trains were to be pushed onto sidings to give the rock cars the right of way.

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The whole Southwest was in an uproar. At San Pedro, second largest port on the West Coast, shipping came to a halt; freight shipments on the Southern Pacific's entire western division were stopped. Night and day, the long rock trains rolled from the quarries, some of them hundreds of miles away.

Meanwhile, at the roaring crevasse there was a scene of furious activity. Fifteen hundred workmen were gathered at the spot and more volunteers were pouring in. This was no mere engineering job; this was a battle for survival, and the Southwest knew it.

Cory was fighting to get a trestle built across the crevasse before the rush shipments of rocks began to pour in. Five huge piledrivers went to work to smash massive 90-foot pilings into place. Hardly had a trestle been completed when a flood swept down and carried it away.

A second trestle was completed and it, too, was washed out. Hardly were the piles for the third trestle in place when sweating gangs of track layers swarmed out to fasten down stringers, ties, and rails. In a matter of hours trains were rolling onto the trestle. Gangs of men lifted the huge rocks by sheer brute force and rolled them into the waters.

At night the work went on in the bright glare of searchlights. The whole operation was a bedlam of noise in which the shouts of men were drowned by rumbling freight trains, shrieking locomotives, and the angry thunder of the river itself.

While the world watched this strange drama in the desert, the end came suddenly on February 11, 1907. The water rushing into that fatal ditch slowed to a trickle and then stopped. The Colorado, finally thwarted by the barrier of rock, went back into its ancient bed.

Years later, Harriman, whose railroad still had not received a cent of government compensation for its gigantic battle, visited the valley. Had he ever regretted his gift to the nation?

For answer, Harriman looked out over the lush green acres that, except for him, might have been just the desolate floor of an inland sea.

"The Imperial Valley was worth it," he said simply.

Memo for May 11

MOST OF ALL the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, comrades and friends—but only one mother in the whole world.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN (*Buck Bits*)

A MOTHER is she who can take the place of all others, but whose place no one else can take.

—CARDINAL MERMILLOD (*Tales of Hoffman*)

MOTHERS ARE the only goddesses in whom the whole world believes.

—*Chamfort*

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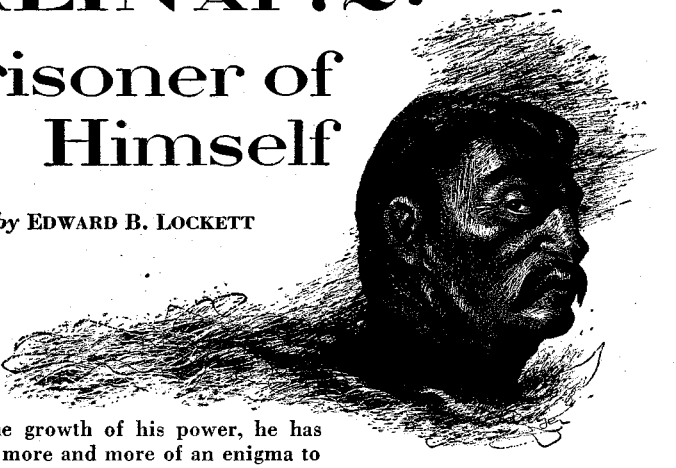
STALIN AT 72: Prisoner of Himself

by EDWARD B. LOCKETT



With the growth of his power, he has become more and more of an enigma to his own people and the outside world

INSIDE THE ancient walls of Moscow's Kremlin sits the most powerful man on earth. At 72, Joseph Stalin is at the pinnacle of his career, a ruler whose empire extends halfway across the world, whose word is law to one-third of the human race. No other man in history has ever held such absolute sway over so many fellow human beings.

And yet, mighty Stalin himself, sinister and inscrutable, is as much a captive of the fear and terror system he has created as the lowliest labor slave in Russia. Ringed with guards, secluded in the Kremlin, he is a mystery not only to the world, but also to his own people.

Even the citizens of Moscow know little of his movements, and less about his actions. Housewives who live along the six-lane Mozhaisk Highway from Moscow to Minsk often glimpse the three-limousine cavalcade which conveys the Soviet Prime Minister from his suburban home to work in the Kremlin. Occasional written pronouncements, and rare appearances on a balustrade high above marching columns, constitute the rest of his public life to the average Russian.

Just as the people know little about Stalin, the Soviet Dictator knows very little, firsthand, about them. He seldom travels, even inside Russia. His public appearances have steadily been reduced in number. Today he lives in isolation unrivaled by any monarch since the Pharaohs. He must have forgotten what he himself once told historian Emil Ludwig: "Any man on a high pinnacle is lost—the instant he loses touch with the masses."

The outside world knows a good deal more than the Russian people about their Soviet master. It knows, for example, that he has relaxed his once-furious working pace. He

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now lives and often does his work in his large suburban home about 16 miles west of Moscow. He seldom uses the little three-room apartment inside the Kremlin which constituted home for many years. Often, two or three days pass between visits to his Moscow office. Definitely, this is not the Joe Stalin of the past.

The Marshal has long been famous for his ability to toss down vodka and fiery Georgian brandy. No more. He takes an occasional drink, but leaves the traditional Russian endurance sprees to the youngsters. Today, almost the only alcohol Stalin uses regularly is the red Caucasian wine which has been his favorite for years. At state dinners, he can always be seen with a carafe at his right. When the glass is empty and he wants to take a rest, he tops the carafe with the glass, like a peasant.

Despite frequent reports of new diseases, operations, and heart attacks, the best evidence available says that, generally, Marshal Stalin's health is good for a man of his years. "The old man is slowing down a bit," said a Washington diplomat recently returned from Moscow. "But what can you expect at 72? Want him to run a mile every morning?"

The heart-attack stories have periodically stirred world chancelleries for years. Of these, a State Department veteran remarks: "The reports may or may not be true. There is simply no way of knowing. I have seen him early in the day, however, when he looked badly."

In his native Georgia, well to the south of Moscow, long life is common: nonagenarians are no rarity. Joe Stalin may well be with us for a long time to come, for the physical make-up of the Russian Dictator has changed little with the years, except that his hair and moustache have turned quite white.

BORN IOSIF DJUGASHVILI in 1879 to a Georgian peasant cobbler and his wife, Stalin is a squat, heavy-set man with thinning hair, rich brown eyes, a slightly pock-marked complexion, and noticeably bad teeth. He is five feet, five inches tall —one inch shorter than Winston Churchill. He weighs about 190 pounds, and looks neatly dumpy.

Stalin is not a Russian, hardly a Slav. There is a strong Turkish influence both in his bone structure and his name. Gori, his home town in the Georgian Caucasus, is a crossroads of Europe and Asia, East and West. A hundred races met, fought, and melded in the mountain hamlets around Gori. The name Stalin—"Man of Steel"—was the last of a series of pen names which Iosif Djugashvili used as a writer of fiery revolutionary articles during his youth.

Callers meeting the Marshal for the first time are usually surprised at his lack of height. Pictures generally show him behind a podium of some sort, giving the impression of a man of normal height—an illusion supported by broad, thick shoulders, and a big, deep chest. His conversation is hard to follow, even for a Russian. Quite often he "talks in his beard," which makes him seem to mumble.

Smoking a pipe or one of the long Russian cigarettes, Stalin seems utterly relaxed. One of the few Americans who can actually be said to

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know the Dictator well remarked recently: "He never raises his voice; never bangs a table. I always think Stalin has quite a nice smile in greeting. But you sense there's power there, and a sort of slyness. You feel: here is a man you've got to be very careful with."

Another veteran Moscow diplomat has this to say: "Stalin always saunters into a room. I remember, in 1947, when he led the Russian group into a meeting, I thought about the terrific contrast between Hitler and Mussolini and this man. I've seen him wander into the Supreme Soviet (Congress). He sits down, shows complete self-assurance—no bullying. He likes to doodle—often draws wolf heads. The kind of man, you feel, who would kill his best friend and smile quite affably about it."

The Premier's plain, uniformlike suit of light tan color is always well pressed. The soft boots on his rather small feet are beautifully polished. Stalin's dress really should be called a uniform, for it never varies. Except on state occasions, the Marshal wears only one decoration: the single gold star which designates him a Hero of the Soviet Union.

"I don't suppose Stalin has ever worn a European-style civilian suit in his life," observes one American diplomat. "Very probably, he is the only ruler alive who has never worn a tie."

The drooping Stalin moustache is neatly trimmed. The Marshal's hair is always cut short and combed back, without a part. One American visitor came away from a meeting with the Dictator, fascinated by the polished sheen of his nails.

There is one incongruity in the otherwise impeccable Stalin. His coat sleeves are cut so long that they drop well past the knuckles of both hands, to hide a near-deformity in the Dictator's left arm and hand. During a serious illness in childhood, Stalin developed infection from an ulcer on his left hand, and came near dying. The arm was so seriously affected that, years later, he was rejected for military service because of it.

"It isn't very noticeable," said one diplomat. "You see it particularly when he lights a cigarette."

IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, the easygoing master of the Kremlin is the most heavily guarded individual in the world. The two limousines which precede and trail his bulletproof car are packed with MVD guards, and represent veritable rolling arsenals. The Stalin guards, incidentally, are as smartly turned out as any in the world. When news correspondents enter the Supreme Soviet on days when Stalin is scheduled to speak, the guards open portable typewriter cases to check for concealed weapons.

Visitors entering the high-walled Kremlin, which embraces the most important government buildings, are stopped and checked at the guarded outer gate. Inside, before entering the building which houses the Stalin offices on an upper floor, there is another going-over by the guards. Once in the building, practically everybody in sight is MVD.

At the Stalin Black Sea estate, heavily guarded iron gates in a high wall protect the outer grounds. The visitor must then follow two miles of steep drive, lined with guards, before approaching a solid

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The Only Weapon Stalin Understands

SELECTING THE MEN who would accompany him to the Yalta Conference to meet Stalin in 1945, the late President Roosevelt surprised everyone by including his old friend Ed Flynn, Democratic leader of the Bronx. Boss Flynn didn't pretend to know anything about international diplomacy—but he had spent a lifetime learning about people.

After the Conference, he visited for five weeks in Moscow. During the long winter evenings, he enjoyed swapping yarns with U. S. Embassy staffers.

"You know," he said one night, "this Stalin is the kind of guy I can understand. There's only one way to treat him; don't take any guff. He won't live up to any promise—unless you've got a club. If you've got a club, and he knows you aren't afraid to use it, he will keep his word. It's that simple."

Today, more than seven years later, the free world is just catching up with astute Ed Flynn.

iron gate giving access to an inner court surrounding the house. In the house proper, all servants are carefully screened by army personnel. The same conditions prevail at the Stalin household in the Moscow suburbs, which again is surrounded by a high fence.

Of Stalin's private life, neither the Russians nor outsiders know a great deal. There is never any mention of family matters in the Russian press. Elsewhere it has been published, and never confirmed or denied, that he is now married to Rosa Kaganovich, sister of Lazar Kaganovich, the only Jew in the Politburo. Some have ascribed official silence to fears that the connection might bring accusations of nepotism.

Neither the Premier's son Lt. Gen. Vassily Stalin, who commands the Moscow Air Force garrison, nor his red-haired daughter Svetlana, now married, lives with the Generalissimo.

Stalin has been married twice before. His first wife, Katerina Svandize, was the sister of a Socialist schoolmate of Stalin's at Tiflis, and died in 1917 during the Revolution. There was one son from this marriage, Jacob Djugashvili, reported to have been brought up by maternal grandparents in the Caucasus. He was captured by the Nazis in World War II, exchanged later for two generals, but hasn't been heard from since.

The second and best-known wife of Stalin was Nadya Alliluyeva, daughter of an old Revolutionary companion of Stalin's, Sergei Alliluyeva. Stalin corresponded with the Alliluyeva family when he was a youth in Siberian exile, long before Nadya was born. From the bleak, treeless steppes of his northern exile, he wrote of homesickness, and asked the Alliluyevas to send him picture postcards of his native Georgia countryside.

Stalin was married to Nadya in 1919, when she was 17 and he was nearly 40! She presented him with

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two children: Vassily and Svetlana. When Nadya died in November, 1932, wild rumors circulated.

"Some say she committed suicide, others that Stalin shot her," reports an American diplomat who was in Moscow at the time. "There was an orthodox religious funeral—fairly unusual in Russia. I talked to a man who went there and looked at the body, with the coffin open, Russian style. Afterwards, he told me: 'Something happened to that girl's neck. She wore a scarf well up around the neck.' "

The Stalin family lives quietly, considerably more withdrawn than in the Premier's younger days. Occasionally he turns up at the opera or ballet, but appears at few public functions. The Dictator enjoys an occasional at-home evening of wine and conversation with cronies of revolutionary days, although he has long since killed most of them and must rely largely on friends of a later vintage. Like many a work-loaded official, Stalin hates telephones and avoids their use outside office hours.

Stalin loves movies, and his private theater in Kathryn Hall inside the Kremlin is described as "plush" by Americans who have been invited there. "Right after the war," recalls one diplomat, "Stalin had the incredibly bad taste to show us scenes of Far East fighting which made the Soviets out as the people who won the war against Japan. Once, we loaned him a U. S. movie from the Embassy for two nights. He kept it two weeks."

If Stalin has any hobbies, nobody knows what they are. He once enjoyed hunting, but age has all but ruled out sports. He certainly enjoys soldiering, and during the war was never so happy as when he returned from a visit with troops at the front. He likes good pipe tobacco, and generally settles down for a pipeful after dinner.

Stalin's working, eating, and sleeping hours are nothing like so arduous as during the war. He usually has breakfast between 9 and 10 A.M. This consists of the inevitable strong Russian tea, served in a glass, and black bread, with side dishes. He likes dried herring, which the Russians call "sledge," and he often eats eggs.

His main meal is eaten around 5 P.M., and consists of hors d'oeuvres, meat (he likes lamb and mutton), potatoes, rice, cabbage, and a dessert of stewed fruit. His final meal comes around 11 at night, and is apt to be made up of cold meat, bread, and tea. Like most Russians, Stalin loves ice cream.

STALIN USED TO READ voraciously, and is well-informed about the rest of the world, although his information has a tendency to be concentrated on industrial production figures. U. S. veterans of Moscow meetings report that the Premier has an amazing ability to absorb information correctly and in detail, and seems always thoroughly briefed before entering a conference. He uses the questioning phrase—"What does that mean, concretely?"—to the point of monotony in conferences, but never tires of it; and it seems to produce what he wants from callers.

If the Dictator has any heroes other than Russians, they are certainly world industrialists—men who make things. Eric Johnston,

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then president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, tells a story which he failed to write after he interviewed Stalin during the war.

Johnston carried greetings to the Premier from three men: Roosevelt, General Marshall, and Henry Ford. Stalin offered perfunctory thanks for the messages from the President and Marshall. Then his face brightened. "Give Mr. Ford my regards," he said warmly. "He is a great American!"

Stalin has always lived fairly simply and, although every luxury is now his for the asking, he has not changed old habits. There is nothing regal about any of the Stalin households.

"The Moscow place is very comfortable, but by no means a palace," said a visitor. "There is a large drawing room, furnished in fairly good taste. Nothing I remember particularly. There were the usual tables groaning with food during entertainments; the place seemed well-stocked with vodka and brandy for entertaining."

W. Averell Harriman once spent a week end at the Gagri estate. "There is a nice house," said a former member of his staff who made the trip. "Box hedges surround the inner court. Furnishings are heavy, austere, comfortable. Between conferences, we walked about; once we went swimming at a nearby Russian official's villa. Stalin turned over a guest house to us. It was very comfortable, but nothing elaborate."

The Dictator's office in the Kremlin is tremendous, but is calculated to impress the foreign visitor rather than to satisfy any vanity on the part of Stalin. There is a huge birch conference table in the center, well in front of Stalin's big desk. Once, the only pictures on the walls were of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Now portraits of three Russian military leaders of the past have been added to the gallery.

There is a big pull-down map on one wall, and enough upholstered chairs to accommodate fairly large meetings. It is in this office that Joseph Stalin, Prime Minister of the USSR, faces the world as a government official.

But behind this monolithic façade looms the chilling climate of fear on which all Stalin's power is based. It is invisible, yet no Western visitor has failed to sense it or to see its imprint on Russian faces.

In the evening of his life, Joseph Stalin is obviously a prisoner of his own tyrannical philosophy. Sometimes he must wonder whether this terror of his own making does not hold within itself the seeds of communism's downfall, for, as a student of history, he cannot fail to be haunted by the knowledge that no empire built on fear has ever long survived.

Mr. Map (Answers to puzzle on page 59)

A. Iceland; B. Hispaniola; C. Sakhalin; D. Australia; E. Madagascar; F. Borneo; G. Japan; H. South America; I. Sumatra; J. Sicily; K. Great Britain.

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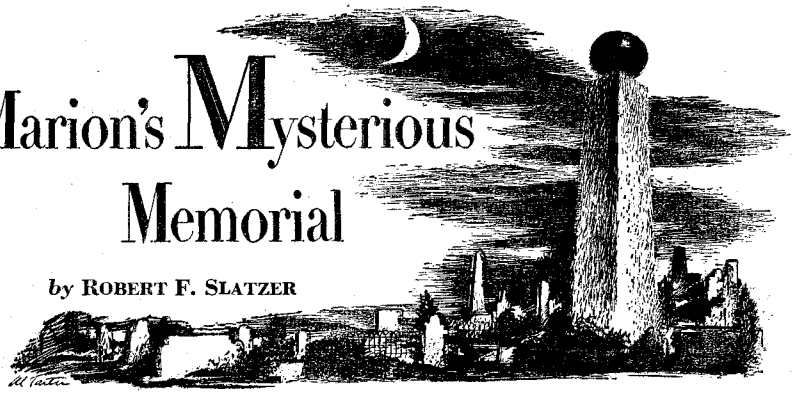
Marion's Mysterious Memorial

by ROBERT F. SLATZER



After almost 50 years, Ohio's roving sphere remains an unexplained phenomenon

IN THE EASTERN CORNER of a cemetery in Marion, Ohio, stands one of the most mysterious monuments in the world. Outwardly it differs little from other tombstones, except for one unusual feature: the tapered white-granite column is topped with a black-granite sphere, three-and-a-half feet in diameter. More than 40 years ago, the shaft touched off a nation-wide scientific debate which was never settled.

One July morning in 1905, eight years after the column was erected to mark the final resting place of Christian B. Merchant and the six members of his family, two workmen stopped alongside the shaft.

"Look, Jim!" one of them cried. "That ball! It's been moved."

Indeed, closer examination disclosed the three-ton sphere had actually changed position: a rough, unpolished spot which once rested in the socket of the pillar was now plainly visible. The workmen rushed off to inform the cemetery superintendent, a matter-of-fact individual who put little store in "ghost stories." But he had to admit the ball-shaped piece of granite had been moved. He knew it could not have been the work of pranksters; only a block-and-tackle device could have budged the weight atop the column.

In a few hours the town of Marion was aroused by the strange phenomenon. The story spread through Ohio and into neighboring states, and soon tourists, as well as scientists from all over the country, were trampling the graveyard for a look at the stone.

Marion's city fathers viewed with disfavor the notoriety which was rapidly converting their cemetery into a tourist attraction. So a special lead cement was poured into the supporting socket to hold the roving sphere in place.

Two months later, however, observers discovered the ball was on the move again. The unpolished spot had crept ten inches up the side of the sphere! Again reports of the phenomenon brought curiosity seekers to the scene.

For years, geologists and meteor-

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ologists attempted to solve the secret of what made the ball move. Only one theory won any acceptance. A geologist reasoned that movement was due to unequal expansion of different parts of the sphere's surface, presumably caused by heated exposure of the south side during the day and the resultant cooling of the north part.

But this theory was challenged by other authorities. They pointed out that the ball moved the year-round, not just during those months when sunshine might cause the displacement. Also, if the theory were true, the ball would rotate toward the south—the side which would expand and contract to the greatest extent. Actually, however, the stone moves toward the north, in a counter-clockwise direction!

After a while the controversy died down. No one had come forth with a solution, no one knew why the ball continued its relentless rolling. And, as with other phenomena that have confounded science and defied explanation, the Marion monument gradually slipped from public attention.

Today, the enigmatic tombstone still guards the Merchant cemetery plot. Few curiosity seekers are now attracted to the graveyard, but the present superintendent, James Dickson, testifies that the strange sphere is still on the move.

"Just the other day I looked at it," Dickson said recently. "In the past year it has rolled several inches. It seems to keep right on rolling—just as it has been rolling for almost half a century!"

Junior Gagsters

NOT REALIZING Beverly Hills was quite so close to Hollywood, the gentle lady agreed to teach fifth grade in a school there. This Friday afternoon—to keep her charges entertained until school was dismissed—she thought the kiddies might like to brush up on Familiar Sayings.

She quoted: "If wishes were horses, beggars would—All right, Ralphie."

"Beggars would be moochin' two bucks to bet on 'em!" Ralphie crowed.

The teacher stopped smiling and quoted: "You can lead a horse—"

"To water!" piped up little Arnold. "But he won't be near as disappointed as tipsy guests that come to see Mom and Pop!"

The teacher frowned slightly and quoted: "Curiosity killed—"

"The neighbors—when we let our hedge grow up!" shouted Betty.

Trembling a little, the teacher began: "The hand that rocks the cradle—"

"Belongs to the baby sitter!" shrilled little Marlene.

"And now, children," said the teacher, "after a brief word from our sponsors, the long-suffering taxpayers, let us bow our heads and pray that each and every one of you will soon be invited to appear as guest artist on radio or television with Mr. Hope."

—CLIFF WALTERS

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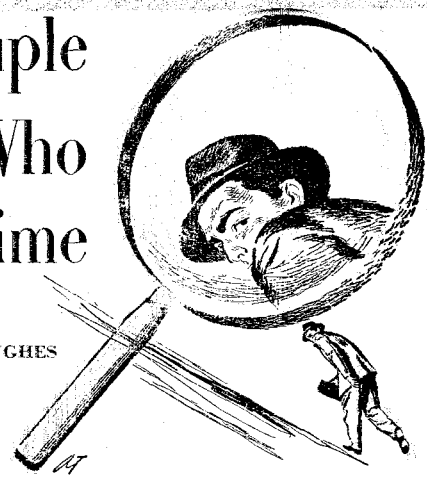
The Harvard Couple Who Predict Crime



by CAROL HUGHES

The unique research of the Gluecks has resulted in new concepts on delinquency

SOME 26 YEARS AGO at Harvard University, a husband and wife set out on a strange and uncharted adventure into the world of crime. Their workshop was a cubicle with one desk and two chairs; their aim a truly unique one—to penetrate the world of silence that blanketed the life of a convict turned loose into our free society. Had "prison reform" really reformed him?

From this cubicle, eventually, came a series of astounding conclusions that shook the criminological world. From it also came new guidance for the treatment of juvenile delinquents. And out of this venture into the unknown world of the *released* prisoners may yet come a whole series of constructive reforms in the care and treatment of American criminals.

Among the great contributions of this famous husband-and-wife team of Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck are the Glueck Prediction Charts, now ready for experimental use. They should enable a judge to tell, on the basis of the hundreds of criminal careers they trace, what are the chances of reform in a prisoner, what kind of punishment gives the most promise of reform, and how successful a release on parole might be in each case.

Another Glueck contribution to the crime-prevention picture is their determining of *what makes a criminal.* As a result of the study of juvenile delinquents and non-delinquents, intelligent parents and teachers can now recognize signals indicating that a child is getting off the track.

The Gluecks seem to have been picked by fate to meet and do exactly what they did. Eleanor Glueck was born in Brooklyn 53 years ago. After attending Barnard College she took up social-service work.

It was while she was studying at the New York School of Social Work that she had as her professor the famous Dr. Bernard Glueck, noted psychiatrist and pioneer in child guidance, who introduced his lawyer-brother Sheldon to the brilliant Eleanor. Not long afterward they were married. Sheldon, aban-

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doning his budding New York law practice, took up studies for a Ph.D. in psychology, sociology, and law at Harvard; and Eleanor for a doctorate at the Harvard School of Education.

Amazingly enough, she kept right on with her work until one week before her baby was born. Then she went to visit relatives in Ossining, New York. She laughs today and says:

"Because ours was to be a future of crime study, it was symbolic that our baby should be born in the shadow of Sing Sing."

MEANWHILE, the Gluecks had gone to Dr. Bernard to consult about their future. What could they do to have joint careers? Since Eleanor was an authority on social work and Sheldon had combined law with sociology and psychology, Bernard thought they ought to do well in the field of criminology.

Soon afterward, Sheldon was discussing this field with Dr. Richard Clarke Cabot, then professor of social ethics at Harvard. Sheldon mentioned the need for measuring the effectiveness of reformatories. What really happened to prisoners after they were released? And why did they return again and again?

Dr. Cabot was so intrigued that he asked the Gluecks to undertake a survey, and obtained a grant of $3,000 from the Harvard Milton Fund. Thus began one of the strangest surveys in social history.

There was no precedent for the work. No one knew exactly what should be done. But the Gluecks accepted their cubbyhole and limited funds, and embarked on the first step of their bizarre adventure —the corralling of 500 ex-prisoners.

How to find the prisoner who had left a reformatory five years before and learn what had happened to him during that interim? They knew that he had possibly roamed the country, and probably changed his name many times. Also, they must conduct the investigation in such a way that no one would know he was an ex-convict.

Now a crack private investigator at $100 a day and expenses might secure such information on *one* man. But the Gluecks were multiplying the one by 500, and they had no crack investigators. Nevertheless, with careful maneuvering and persuasiveness, they assembled a small corps of investigators who worked for part-time payment.

The Gluecks and their workers located 95 per cent of the "lost" 500 men, even though some were at sea and some were as far away as China and Australia. The result of this world-wide hunt came in 1930 when the Gluecks published their book, *500 Criminal Careers*, in which they revealed that 80 per cent of the ex-criminals had continued their wayward courses. It brought a howl of disbelief from wardens and penal authorities, who thought their big gray-stone buildings had solved the problems of reform.

More enlightened authorities, however, gave serious thought to the Glueck report, and Harvard, pleased by the thorough analysis, invited the Gluecks to make a similar survey of female criminals, in cooperation with the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women.

The men had been difficult, but the women, the investigators soon found out, presented a real chal-

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lenge. They covered their tracks better than men. They adopted aliases even more freely. They changed their names through marriage, perhaps several times.

The investigators discovered, also, that a woman had a way of redeeming herself that surpassed that of the man criminal. In one instance, a female ex-convict had become the town's social and welfare leader. Quietly, the investigators packed their papers and pencils and stole away, for fear there might be a leak to jeopardize her position.

But when the results were all in, the picture was not encouraging. After a 95-per-cent success in finding the women, the Gluecks hit the criminological world with their second bombshell, *500 Delinquent Women*, containing bleak proof that about three-fourths of the females from one of the most modern reformatories continued their criminal careers during a five-year period after release.

Prison authorities bridled, welfare workers and reformers protested. But as the work moved steadily forward over a period of years, the Gluecks were able to form a pattern of what actually took place in the worlds and minds of ex-offenders.

They discovered that, short of thorough psychotherapy, only time is the cure. As the offenders grow older, they tend to become more law-abiding, and those who ultimately reform are those who have had a more wholesome family background and are better balanced emotionally.

All this research led to one of the most important of the Glueck contributions—*The Prediction Chart.* From the many hundreds of cases investigated, involving a wide variety of offenses, the Gluecks discovered the "predictability" of continued crime. They have narrowed down to an almost-mathematical certainty the offenders' chances of reform or relapse under various types of treatment.

These charts should furnish invaluable guidance to judges and parole boards. They are gaining such repute, too, that one tearful mother came to Dr. Glueck and frankly told him that her boy was eligible for parole. But she knew about the charts and if Professor Glueck could prove to her that releasing the boy would merely add to his criminal activity, she would oppose the parole.

Glueck explored the case and recommended release. The boy has never again come before the courts.

NOW WORLD-FAMOUS criminologists, the Gluecks are still as full of enthusiasm and interest in their work as the day they started.

To look at small, brown-eyed Eleanor Glueck, it is difficult to picture her as a criminologist. Their daughter, Joyce, now married, is a talented poet with four books to her credit.

Professor Glueck, a medium-sized man with penetrating eyes and brown hair, was born in Poland in 1896 and brought to America at the age of six. He served in World War I with the A.E.F., then studied at George Washington University, graduating from the Law School in 1920. He taught criminology at Harvard for four years before joining the Law School faculty in 1929.

In their most recent survey, the

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Gluecks chose 500 persistently delinquent boys from big-city slum areas—boys with every type of problem from squabbling parents to divorced parents, from poverty-stricken parents to illegitimate parents. They sent investigators into the "jungles" where boys ran in gangs.

With these lads, ranging in age from 11 to 17, they compared 500 non-delinquents from similar regions, of similar ages, racial origin, and intelligence. Working on the two sets of boys, trained investigators explored every phase of their life records.

Their findings boil down to the fact that delinquency is more the problem of parents than children; and if it is to be combated, measures must start at least as early in life as when a child first enters school. If thoroughly established traits are recognized and early efforts made, much delinquency can be prevented in the formative years.

The Gluecks urge parents and teachers to keep constant vigilance in the early period of antisocial tendencies because they may be warning signals of oncoming delinquency. "What is more vital," they point out, "is an emotional and mental checkup. A preventive medicine of character and personality," they add, "is the crying need of our times."

The Gluecks have come a long way since the modest launching of their first research project, but they admit the surface has hardly been scratched. They offer no easy road into the uncertain future, but point out that students of human nature will have fewer heartbreaks tomorrow if they recognize that the problem involves a hard and patient struggle. And that they, too, will fail unless a large section of our country becomes aroused to a dogged determination to wipe out the crime that is pervading every town and city—the corruption that is slowly infecting politicians at every level of our government.

Artful Alibis

A MAN CALLED the Akron census headquarters to increase the income figure he gave an interviewer, explaining that he had reported the lower amount because his wife was present.—T. J. McINERNEY

WHEN A RHODE ISLAND vacuum-cleaner salesman was charged with making improper advances to a housewife, he told police that it was merely part of his sales technique. —HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

CHARGED WITH stealing an automobile, an Idaho man explained: "I got tired waiting for the bus." —HAROLD HELFER

A MANHATTAN kindergarten teacher reports she received the following from the mother of one of her little charges:

"Please excuse Johnny for being late to school this morning. Nine o'clock came sooner than we expected." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

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Prayer That Gets Results

by JAMES BENDER and LEE GRAHAM

In an era of science and cold fact, faith in God is still a great force

PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE in God and ask Him for help seem to have the greatest share of popularity and personal power. Why? Because their spiritual faith makes them the sort of individuals whom other folks instinctively like. Their inner strength attracts friendship and love like an irresistible magnet.

Nevertheless, many persons fail to benefit from the marvelous effect of faith and prayer upon the personality. They consider themselves quite superior, and deride religion as a childish, superstitious idea. They race to a doctor, however, when they are ill. And they call their attorney when they brush with the law. Yet, when they have troubles that go beyond a doctor or lawyer, they deny themselves the help that they can get from God!

If you ask them why, they answer, "How can I accept something I don't fully understand?" But they accept television and jet planes and atomic energy with far from a full understanding of them. They believe in all the miracles of science but raise an eyebrow at the miracles of prayer. They don't see, with their lack of imagination, the benefits that result from having a talk with God.

Actually, these benefits are very much on the concrete side. Ask the soldier who bowed his head in prayer as he crouched in a Korean foxhole. Ask the mother who knelt to plead with God as she watched over her child stricken with polio. They will tell you how the act of turning to a Higher Being brought them sudden release. They will speak of an increased physical vigor, a greater intellectual clarity, a mysterious new courage.

Prayer has other uses besides freeing you from panic in grave situations. Its greatest value, perhaps, is the way it can free you from blindness toward yourself. By constantly communing with a force that stands for beauty, truth, and wisdom, you are gradually drawn away from your undesirable traits. As you com-

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pare yourself with your image of God, you begin to lose whatever you may have of silly pride, greed, hostility, prejudice, and all the other barriers to getting along well with people.

Naturally, all these changes don't take place if your idea of prayer is to look up for a few minutes or kneel every day and mumble a few worn-out phrases. True prayer goes beyond formalized lip service. It is, rather, the attitude of love which you maintain toward those whom you cannot love easily. It is a growing pyramid of constructive thoughts and desires. It is a yearning to improve yourself instead of the conditions in your environment.

Since prayer is a habit, it can be performed anywhere at any time. The setting need not be a Gothic cathedral, a Byzantine church, an ivy-covered New England meeting-house. A sincere heart is better than a hymn book; a kind deed is more impressive than a front pew.

MANY PEOPLE THINK that not believing in a Supreme Being is the sign of a superior education or an above-average brain. "Religion is all right for the masses," they will tell you, "but in an intelligent person, it's a sign of weakness."

It would probably interest them to know how many great men of the twentieth century, this era of science and cold facts, ascribe their success to their faith in God.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, the brilliant biologist, wrote in 1941: "Prayer is the most powerful form of energy that one can emanate. If you make a habit of sincere prayer, your life will be very noticeably and profoundly altered. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. Today, as never before, it is a binding necessity in the lives of men and nations."

Albert Schweitzer, the eminent scholar and African doctor, said during a recent visit to the United States: "Man must cease attributing his problems to his environment, and learn again to exercise his will —his personal responsibility in the realm of faith and morals."

Mahatma Gandhi said: "Because I believe in God, I believe in prayer. It is the surest means of becoming conscious of His presence; that is the real meaning of prayer, its strength and its reward."

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, the colorful air-lines executive, wrote: "If you have not had the experience of God in your life, get busy and get yourself one. I know there is a Power. I believe in calling on it for help. Yes, I believe in prayer. And I'm thankful I learned to pray at my mother's knee."

The first prayer on record was probably said by someone with a personal problem. And that's still the reason why most of us pray. In fact, some of us resort to prayer only when we are in trouble; we use our talks with Him as a bedtime "gimme." We air a whole list of favors we should like granted, including a few requests that might be destructive to others.

Such an attitude may have charm in a child. In a grownup, it is foolish and ineffectual. The only way to get desired results is to ask to become more like the Power we pray to.

Without this conception of prayer, we may be gravely disappointed;

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for in expecting God to do our work, we find very often that nothing gets done. As a Baptist preacher once explained it: "Pray as though everything depended on God, and then go to work as though everything depended on you."

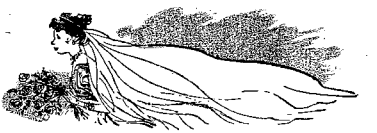
There are plenty of people with the naïve idea that the Lord is on their side because they give to charity or never cheat on their income tax. These are commendable acts, but they have nothing to do with getting prayers answered. The Supreme Being doesn't shed His grace more here and less there. His power is available to all who seek it. But it must be sought for the good of others. That is the only kind of prayer that is effective.

Asking unselfishly for the happiness of your family and friends is like casting bread upon the waters. It returns to you in the form of love and respect from the persons with whom you associate. From there on, you encounter fewer obstacles in getting what you want to enrich your life. For, having rid yourself of envy and hostility, you can think properly and act wisely.

It doesn't matter whether you pray alone or among a crowd of fellow worshipers. It's immaterial whether your words are eloquently formal or dumbly faltering. God recognizes the smallest impulse to pray and He rewards it by blessing you with a bit of His divine energy.

If He is partial at all, it is toward those prayers which we say out of our love for others. At least, it seems that way, because the truly happy people are those for whom observing the Golden Rule is as natural as drawing breath. They have the answer to living, the key to contentment.

Matrimonial Miscues



From the Birth Announcements department in a Kansas paper: "A little bungle of love came to frighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Meyer." —NEAL O'HARA

From an Illinois weekly: "All the ladies in attendance were married, with the exception of one mess." —ANTHONY J. PETTITO

From a Nebraska weekly: "The brother of the bride was best man and like the groom wore a flower print dress with white carnation boutonniere." —HUGH MARR

From a West Virginia paper: "The bride's table was centered with a tired cake, circled with flowers." —*Successful Farming*

From a Michigan paper: "The bride approached the altar decorated with palms and seasonal flowers on the arm of her father." —MRS. I. MCPHERSON

As a Missouri paper announced it: "The bride received a handsome diamond brooch, together with an array of other beautiful articles in cut glass." —*Cape Argus*

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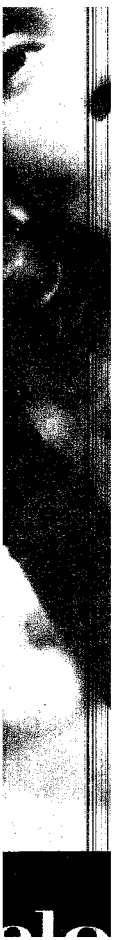

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930, Germany was electrified by a film called *The Blue An*
e girl whose bawdy, raucous portrayal of a cabaret singer
ore been seen on the screen. Her name: Marlene Dietri

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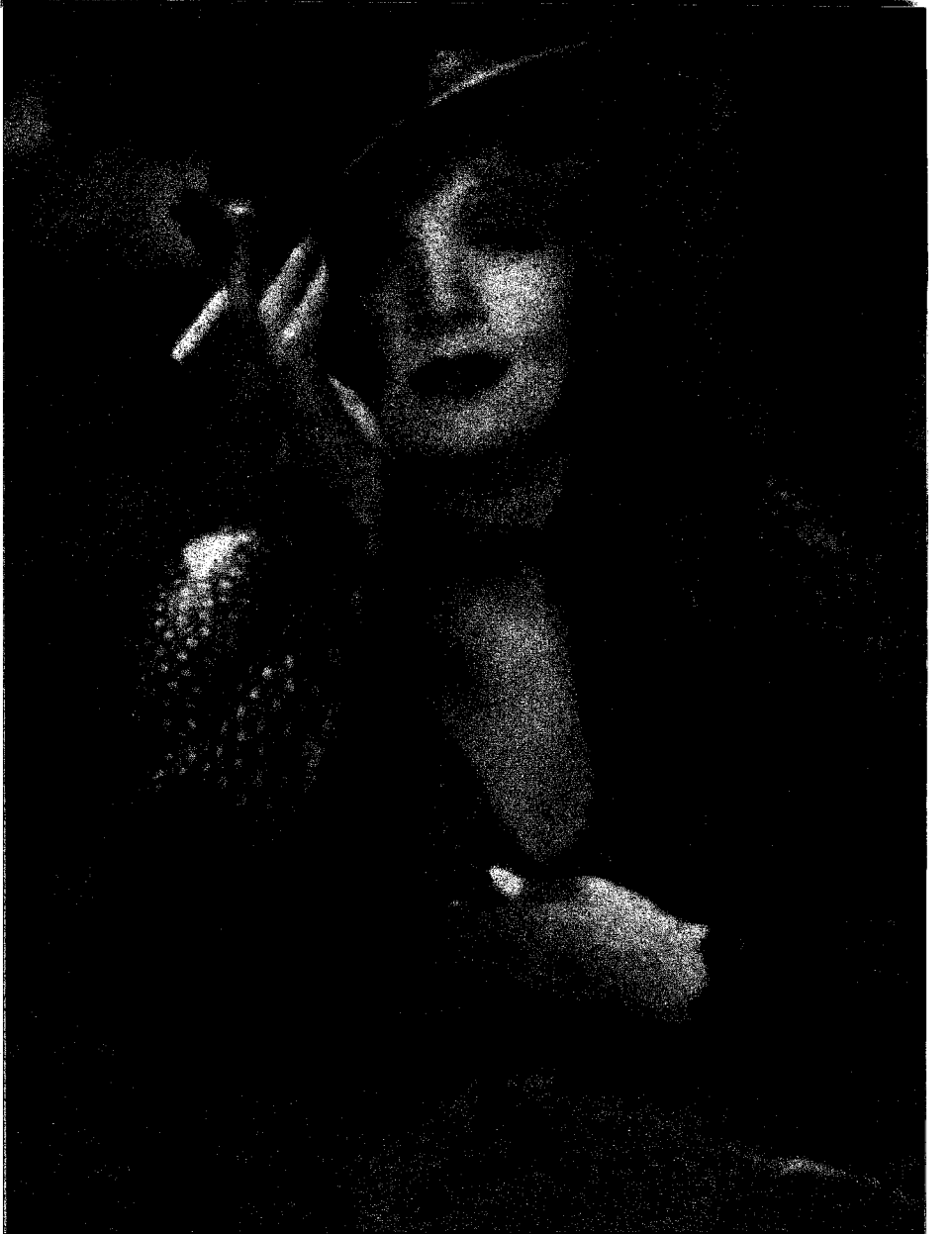

Enshrined as a symbol of sex, Dietrich came to America. "She looks like Garbo!" they exclaimed. But the truth, as they soon learned, was that Dietrich—inscrutable, beguiling—was Dietrich, and no one else.

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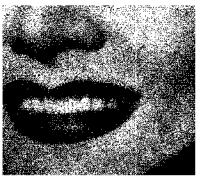

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She could, in fact, be all things that women are to all
of her languid eyelids, a thrusting forward of her clas
she went from sweet, coy helplessness to saucy in

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Entice her and she is angelic . . .

. . . Taunt her and she is a hellion.

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Then her voice would grow tough, sexy. Her movements were a provocation, a study in primitive, passionate lust. One thing alone remained constant: the regality with which Dietrich dominated every scene.

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Rarely had a woman been so endowed with the physical att
success—and conquest. Few audiences and few men could
magnetism of her astounding beauty or her remarkable fi

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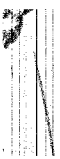

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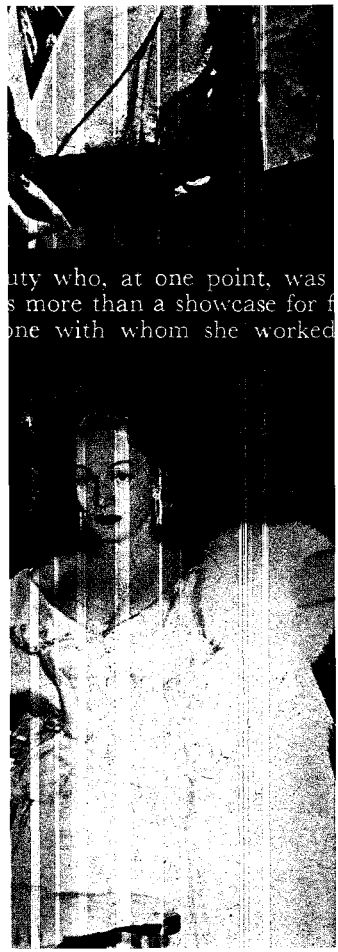

uty who, at one point, was
s more than a showcase for f
one with whom she worked

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Then came World War II and the advent of a Dietrich of infin
warmth and rare humanity. She went everywhere, singing and danc
so close to the front that often the audience pit bristled with rif

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The fabulous Marlene is a grandmother now—and intensely proud of it—but she is still besieged with offers and her horizons remain unlimited. In *Rancho Notorious* (above) she is more beautiful than ever.

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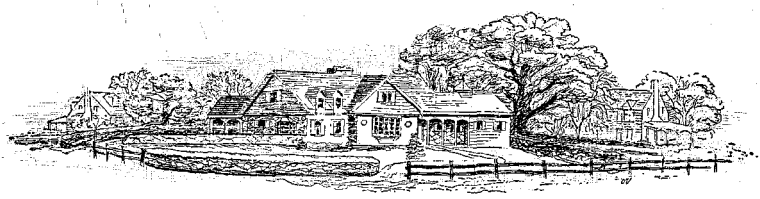
Let Nature HEAT or COOL Your Home

by JOHN L. SPRINGER



Planted in the right spots, trees and hedges can add a lot to your year-round comfort

A FEW YEARS AGO, a Wisconsin businessman built a modernistic home, fully insulated against extreme cold or heat. While his brother continued to live in the old family mansion 500 feet away, the businessman eagerly awaited the first winter to prove that modern homes could be much more comfortable than "unscientific" structures built 70 years ago.

To his dismay, he found that his up-to-date house was chillier than his brother's old-fashioned home! Next summer, he was shocked anew: despite its modern materials designed to ward off heat, his new home was much warmer than the old-fashioned dwelling!

The perplexed businessman pondered these problems for months. Finally he discovered the reason: the older house *was* insulated—but the insulation was provided not by man but by nature.

On one side, big trees and hedges stopped the prevailing winter winds so that they struck the house only as breezes. On another side, hedges channeled cooling summer breezes so that they struck the house as strong winds.

Hurriedly the businessman planted trees and hedges around his own home to achieve the same effect. He learned what experts have proved in scientific tests—that putting nature to work around your home can save as much as 20 per cent in fuel bills every year and make it appreciably cooler in summer.

Everyone knows that temperatures vary widely over large distances—that Maine may be 40 degrees cooler than Florida. Not so well known is the fact, scientifically verified, that temperatures may vary sharply within a few miles—sometimes within yards.

One evening, government weather men measured Washington's temperature at 85 degrees. Then they drove seven miles into Virginia. There, the temperature was a cool, comfortable 74 degrees!

In Virginia, amid grass and trees,

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nature herself made the weather cool. In a Washington of stone pavements and buildings, man thwarted nature. Recent studies have uncovered many examples to illustrate how homeowners could use—not thwart—nature to moderate climate and sensationally improve the comfort of their homes.

Early in 1950, a couple in Westchester County, New York, bought a home with a large dining-room window facing west. The first summer, direct rays from the setting sun poured through the window, making the room unbearably hot. Then a friend clearing a nearby lot transplanted some trees a dozen feet from their window.

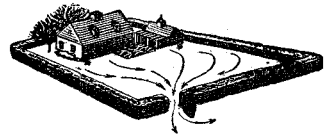
Results were miraculous. The following summer, leaves blocked the sun and made the room an estimated 15 degrees cooler. In winter, the trees shed their leaves, allowing the sun to provide welcome heat.

In a few years, growing trees serve a second summertime purpose: shielding the present "attic furnace" where temperatures of more than 100 degrees are common. Recordings by the American Association of Nurserymen prove that shade trees reduce attic temperatures as much as 40 degrees!

Recent tests show how to make nature your ally in other ways. How can you make your home warmer, yet cut on fuel costs? Experts of the U. S. Department of Agriculture advise: "Plant windbreaks!"

At Holdrege, Nebraska, scientists of the Lake States Forest Experiment Station carefully studied two identical houses. One stood on the open plains; the other—like the old mansion in Wisconsin—was shielded by trees and shrubs. Both houses were kept at 70-degree temperatures. The protected home used 23 per cent less fuel. In other cases, windbreaks have cut heating costs 30 per cent.

In many sections, cold winds come from the north, northeast, and northwest. But cool summer winds usually come from the west, southwest, or south. Plant a hedge of evergreen shrubs and trees on the north side of your lot. In winter, it will block wintry blasts. In summer, it will trap the western breezes and push them back to cool your home.



Hedges can play another trick. Cold air, like water, flows downward and settles at the lowest point. If your lot slopes, a gate placed at its lowest point can be opened in winter, allowing cold air to escape. In summer, the procedure is reversed; the gate is closed and the air is trapped. Result: a cool place to sit on hot summer nights!

Officials of the nurserymen's association say flatly: "If you live where grass, trees, and shrubs *could* be planted, there's no reason to swelter in summer heat."

Last summer, a new homeowner in the New York suburbs frantically phoned a nearby plant expert. "My house is a hotbox," he said desperately. "Yet all my neighbors with

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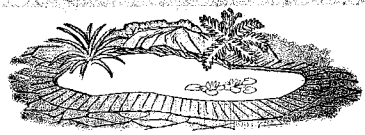
houses like it say theirs are cool. Will you come and tell me what I should do?"

When the plant expert arrived, he gasped in astonishment. In preparing for the foundation, the builder had knocked down all the trees on the property, leaving it bare. To make matters worse, the new owner had laid a 12-foot-wide strip of concrete around the house as a play space for his children.

"So much paved surface reflects the rays of the sun against the house and continues to radiate heat long after sundown," the nurseryman said. "Instead, plant shrubs and grass which will give off moisture and make the air cooler.

"On the west side of your house, build a pergola of vines to keep the sun off the walls. On another wall, plant some inexpensive vines that will cool it in summer, yet shed their leaves in winter to give the house the full benefit of the sun's warmth."

When these suggestions had been adopted, results were immediate. In summer evenings, the owner estimated, his home was at least ten degrees cooler!



Simple changes in the grounds around your home often work wonders. Many home dwellers have achieved wonders by building little pools of water in their yards. In evaporating the water, large quantities of heat are consumed. Thus the surrounding air is cooled.

Other homeowners replaced solidly paved walks with walks of small squares, with grass growing between. Glare is reduced and heat lowered considerably.

Is "natural insulation" expensive? Often, for a few dollars, you can buy the shrubs you need—shrubs that will, however, require a few years to reach truly effective heights. For immediate results, larger and costlier plantings are needed.

Only in a few sections of the U. S. is the outdoor climate comfortable year-round. In most regions, mechanical controls—insulating materials, attic fans, reflective paints, weatherstripping, heating and cooling units—are helpful and necessary. But in extreme heat or cold, even these sometimes fail to provide complete insulation.

Under such conditions, "nature's insulation" may give miraculous results in comfortable living.

Who Caught Them?

(Answers to quiz on page 63.)

1. A; 2. C; 3. E; 4. G; 5. I; 6. C; 7. F; 8. H; 9. B; 10. G, 11. I; 12. C; 13. G; 14. D.

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Adventure in SHANGRI-LA

by JOHN HOHENBERG

Medical patrols are advancing on the far corners of the world in a war on disease

THE MULE TRAIN wound slowly into the jagged and awesome Himalayas near the Roof of the World. The weary doctors, jogging toward the mightiest mountains on earth, marveled at the unparalleled beauty of this country.

Under the sunlit blue of the sky, the place looked like a veritable Shangri-La, where life is golden and eternal. Yet the doctors knew their eyes were deceiving them. They knew it was a plague spot, a hell on earth.

In the tiny brown villages of the primitive countryside lived a million persons who faced a black future of misery, much suffering, and often an untimely death, like their fathers and forefathers before them. They were the pitiful victims of syphilis—one of the worst scourges on earth.

The mule train was carrying a team of United Nations scientists to the attack on VD. The leader was an American, Dr. J. C. Cutler. At his elbow as chief assistant was Dr. Johs. Kvittingen, a Norwegian. There was a woman in the group, Evelyn Rose, a registered nurse trained at the University of Pennsylvania. A few young scientists and technicians and an interpreter completed the party. The expedition was a little UN in itself.

Isolated in this strange wilderness, the group was conscious of the fact that it was the advance patrol in the battle for world health. Their cartons of medical supplies carried with them the hope of restoring the purple majesty of Shangri-La to this sickened land. But more than that, the group knew that a great experiment of civilization hung on their success. They were part of the global clinic run by the UN with patients in the far corners of the earth.

The interpreter had forewarned them that disease constituted the lesser phase of their battle, that they would be confronted with something even more difficult to eradicate—the superstitions of the natives who attached more importance to a drop of blood than to life itself. Yet the doctors had to have that drop of blood for testing purposes.

The fatalistic natives also be-

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lieved there had always been "hill sickness"—as the sufferers in this section of India called syphilis—and that it could not be controlled by man. So they were in no mood to cooperate.

As the mule train pushed onward in the lengthening shadows of the white crags, the doctors talked among themselves. They knew it was not the first time that native superstitions and fears had set up roadblocks to the UN advance against disease. They remembered vividly the miracle of the Jeypore hills of India.

The enemy then was malaria—destroyer of millions. A UN team of doctors, working for the World Health Organization, had gone in with modern medicines. They, too, had pleaded for support of the people, but the population fled before them.

"Evil spirits!" cried the natives at the coming of the white men.

It wasn't the men alone who refused to be treated. Women gathered their children in their arms and hid in the hills. They didn't want the doctors to touch them; the evil spirits wouldn't have liked it.

The doctors held a council of war to decide on an effective plan of action. Within hours, teams of sprayers were going from town to town. They went by mule, by elephant, and on foot. Their mission was Operation DDT.

As they covered the hills, astonished natives saw them spraying great clouds of dust that settled in swamplands and valleys, breeding place of the malaria-spreading mosquito. Again and again the men, with their deadly DDT, crossed over the disease-ridden district. Soon, the epidemic surge of malaria began to decrease.

The doctors had proved their case for science in the Jeypore hills. The natives returned, no longer afraid, and submitted to injections.

IN ANOTHER PART of the world, in the Caribbean Sea off Central America, UN scientists had fought another battle against superstition. They had determined to turn Haiti into a gigantic test tube for the elimination of yaws, with which one-sixth of the rural population of 3,500,000 were afflicted.

As was the case in India, the natives vanished into the jungle. But here, too, after a few baffling weeks, the physicians found the answer. They persuaded a voodoo priest to sound the drums for an assembly. Amidst ancient rituals, he led the natives to the white healers with their magical inoculations. It was the beginning of another victory for medical science.

These were precedents for the doctors who went plodding into the Himalayan country. Now, for a third time, superstition would have to be vanquished.

The mules finally halted in a tiny village, occupied by men and women with great sores on their bodies and children pock-marked with them. They unpacked the penicillin and their equipment. But when the physicians approached, the tattered natives retreated.

The interpreter mingled with them. "Why are you afraid?" he asked. "Why won't you give blood?"

Little by little, the story came out. Among the hill people, the tale had spread that their blood would be drained from their bodies be-

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Where the Crusade Ends

THE UN BATTLE against disease is being conducted on all fronts—except one.

In Egypt, a gigantic immunization campaign is under way to cut down tuberculosis. Inoculations of the new BCG serum helped to cut the mortality rate as much as 50 per cent in parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Smallpox vaccine has been sent to stricken people in sections of the Andes Mountains. Penicillin recently was rushed to the natives of Indonesia. Cuzco, Peru, received vaccine to prevent typhoid after an earthquake. Iron lungs have been sent to polio sufferers in Chile.

The march of world health stops only before the Iron Curtain. The Soviet Union and its satellites are *not interested in helping themselves* and others by such errands of mercy. The health of their peoples is less important to the Kremlin dictators than world politics.

cause the foreigners wanted to send it to the District of Kashmir. In that province, the Himalayan peoples had heard, there was a threat of war between India and Pakistan. The blood taken from them was to be used for soldiers.

In vain did the doctors assert the story was false. The natives refused to heed the arguments. Defeated, the medical contingent returned to the mule train and set out for the next station in the Himalayan hills.

By runner, they sent back word of their defeat to headquarters in Simla, where laboratories were maintained. But they also reported they were carrying on—hoping for some "miracle" which would turn suspicion into confidence.

A few days later, when the UN team arrived at its town of destination in the wild hill country, the "miracle" came to pass. Before them, as the mule train halted, was a magnificent surprise. An entire field laboratory had been transported bodily to the Roof of the World—all the way from Simla.

The Simla officials of the WHO, having received the message from the field team, had acted swiftly. Across narrow, tortuous trails the laboratory had been transported by mule team. The doctors' eyes lit as a white-coated specialist greeted them cheerfully.

Inside a stout new tent were row upon row of clean test tubes, gleaming sterilizing equipment, and a maze of bottles containing chemicals and solutions. Every device for the process of taking Wassermann tests was on hand.

The doctors wasted no time. Quickly the interpreter explained to mistrustful natives that now they would *see* what would be done with their blood; they would *see* the tests performed. But still the natives held off. So the UN group decided to convince the people by example.

Some of the team lined up before the specialist and laid bare their arms. The natives saw a little blood drawn from their arms, saw the blood poured into tubes and tested, saw the notations made—and then

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the blood thrown away. At length, a few timid natives took heart. Then, from the hills, forests, and villages the people came flocking by hundreds—and soon by thousands. The once-downhearted team of UN specialists plunged into a taxing program of day-and-night work. The patients' personal histories piled up.

When the tests showed the patients had "hill sickness," penicillin was injected. Soon the natives learned that this needle bore the secret of health. A few drops of blood became the harbinger of life.

When the UN team returned to the same valley a year later, only one new case of syphilis was discovered. A spot check of 500 cases treated the year before indicated "very encouraging" results.

Thus, the wholesale ruin of natives by VD had been halted. A new weapon had been forged to deal with the age-old ills of the disease-ridden Orient. A handful of devoted scientists, at small cost, gave greater proof of the UN's worth as an international organization than all the distinguished diplomats who have labored for years in the political arena. The doctors showed the world the way to life, not death—to peace, not war.

Service Report

TWO BOYS were sitting in a slit trench in Korea and one said to the other: "How come you joined up?"

"I'll tell you," was the reply. "I'm from Texas and when this war started, a politician was making a speech. He said we shouldn't wait until the draft got us—he said it was high time we were fighting for our national honor.

"Well, that hit me right where I lived. So I volunteered, and here I am. I don't regret it and I'd do it again, I reckon. But I don't mind telling you in strictest confidence that my national honor is darned near satisfied."

—*Wall Street Journal*

THE PARATROOPERS were aloft for their first jump. Everything went off in perfect order, until the last man came forward to jump.

"Hold it!" shouted his commanding officer. "You're not wearing your parachute!"

"Oh, that's all right, sir," retorted the recruit. "We're just practicing, aren't we?" —*The Sign*

THREE NEWLY INDUCTED soldiers from the country approached the Information Desk in a YMCA and asked what the "Y" offered.

They were told they could write letters, read magazines, visit the game rooms. They didn't show much interest until they were told, "There's swimming also in the basement."

Then the trio moved a few feet away, engaged in animated argument. Finally one of the soldiers returned to the desk.

"Did you say," he inquired earnestly, "that there wuz wimmen in the basement?" —*Port Arthur News*

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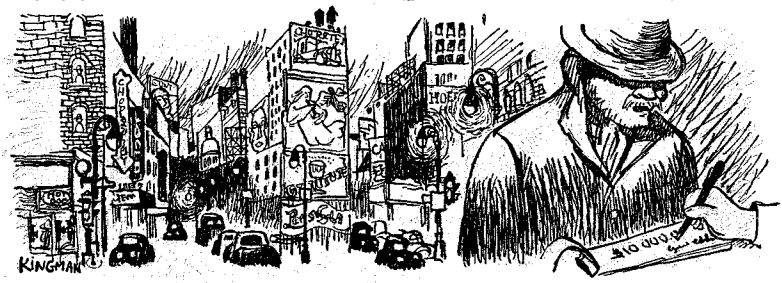
Heart of Broadway



by HAYWOOD VINCENT

Here is a poignant vignette from the life of one of America's most beloved showmen

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE bleak winter evenings in New York when the wind knifes its way down the concrete corridors of Manhattan and cuts a path for the swirling snows to follow. The old vaudeville hoofer turned his frayed coat collar around an unshaven set of hollow cheeks that had not known a good meal in months.

As he turned into Times Square, he paused for a moment in the meager shelter of a doorway. The racking cough was still with him. The eyes that had once twinkled to the applause of the Palace peered blearily through the elements and tried to make out the restaurant doorway. Ah, there it was.

A prayer on his lips, the old-timer lurched forward against the weather. This time he had to make it. He had nine cents in his pocket. No place to sleep. And he needed medicine and a warm coat.

Oh, he could remember the days when things were different. The days (and nights) when he was one of the big ones. Name in lights right along the tops. Plenty of money then. But . . . well, easy come, easy go. Bad luck. No use worrying about that now. More important things—like survival.

This restaurant was it. He had to find some of the old gang there—some of the fellows who still were in the chips.

It was one of those Broadway restaurants that specialize in steaks and cheesecake—a place where the bigwigs in show business get together to reminisce and brag a little. Once the old-timer had been an honored guest. Now . . . well, he hoped he could get by the doorman and find a friend.

Now he was at the door. Keep the collar turned up, hat down, walk with authority. There—it worked! He was in. Now to see if . . .

By golly, this was the night! There he was, the top showman on the street. If he would only remember him!

Quickly the old-timer made his

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way to the great man's table. "Hi pal, remember me?" For a moment the old-timer's heart sank, then one of Broadway's biggest producers smiled and shook hands. "Great to see you, old fellow. Sit down, have a drink. What's on your mind?"

"Well, sir," the old-timer started, "I've been out of the picture lately. Little chest trouble. So while I'm between engagements, I've been writing this book on the old days of vaudeville. Now I'm selling advertising space in it, and I thought you'd want to be included."

While the old-time hoofer held his breath, the producer reached for his checkbook and said, "Sure thing! Put me down for a half page. How much is it?"

"Fifty dollars," the old-timer answered softly.

As the producer wrote out the check, the old-timer looked around the room for another prospect. As he took the check, he said, "Thanks a lot, sir. I really appreciate . . ." And then he fainted dead away on the floor.

The amount on the check was $10,000! And it was signed, George M. Cohan!

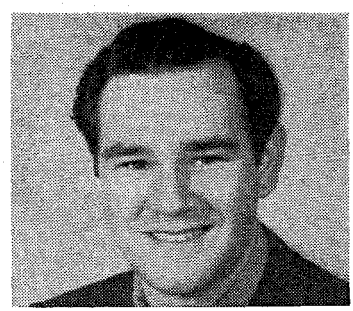
Dear Mr. Foster:

"Here's my first order as a Community Representative! And I don't mind telling you that I'm pretty proud.

"I guess my story isn't new to you, but I thought you would like to know how I started in the subscription business.

"I *know* it costs more to keep my family going these days—I've seen prices going up in the department store where I work, and the wife makes sure I see all the bills she brings home, too.

"So when I heard about your Community Representative plan, I figured I would put my spare time to work. The result? Just look at all the enclosed orders!



"Now I plan to expand my business and to use your fine sales aids. You'll hear from me again, and with more big orders!"

Sincerely,

Elliot Marks

Washington, D. C.

Earn extra money in your own subscription business. Write today for your free Sales Kit. Address:

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New York 22, N. Y.

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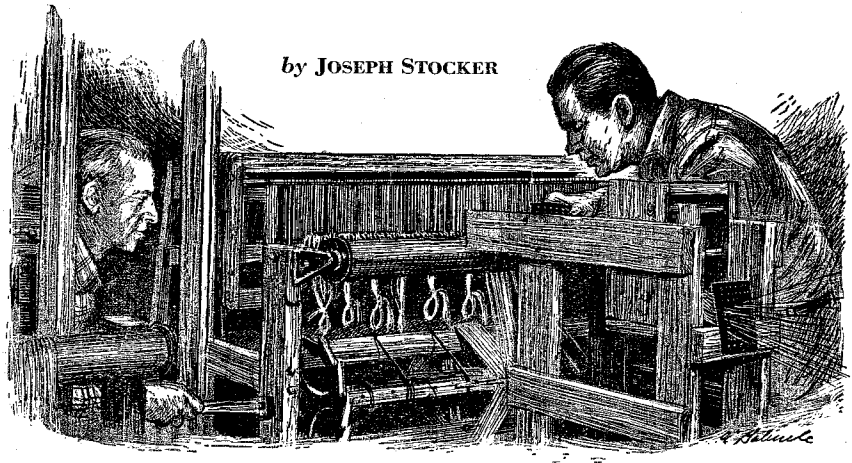
Blind Man's Business

by JOSEPH STOCKER



WITH APPROPRIATE ceremony, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce recently presented the two proprietors of a modest-sized manufacturing plant with a scroll proclaiming their accomplishments "one of the most inspiring success stories in the history of Los Angeles commerce."

Had the Chamber not printed the citation both in type and in Braille, the two partners—David H. Strelow and John L. Bauer—would not have been able to read it. Both are blind. So are all but four of their 31 employees at Blind Industries of California.

Starting with a meager $1,200 in capital, Strelow and Bauer have built Blind Industries into a wholly self-supporting business, grossing $125,000 a year. Their sightless workers turn out rugs, doormats, ironing-board covers, hot pads, and some 40 other items for homes, businesses, and industrial plants—these products selling in open competition with the output of factories run by normal men and women.

The two partners, who have never seen each other, set twin goals when they embarked on their unique enterprise five years ago: first, to earn a living for themselves and their families; second, to give blind people a chance to support themselves in dignity and self-respect.

Dave Strelow, a handsome, mop-haired man of 39, is general manager of Blind Industries. His square, sturdy build suggests that he once may have been a football player. He was—and lost his sight from a gridiron injury when he was 16. At 22, Strelow was totally blind.

John Bauer handles the production end of the business. Fifty-one years old, short, wiry, and droll-humored, he became blind in 1928 when a metal wedge struck him in the eye while he was working in a West Coast steel plant. After a few

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months of idleness and self-pity, he set about rebuilding his life in the world of darkness.

Strelow, meanwhile, was doing the same thing. In 1936, the two men met in a state workshop for the blind and hatched their dream for a business of their own where blindness would be no handicap.

Eleven years intervened before they could do anything about it. Both got jobs in war plants, and Bauer's genius with machines enabled him to achieve an inspector's post. Their experience, and the knowledge that hundreds of other blind people were doing skilled jobs for the war effort, convinced them that a factory run by the blind could be a success.

Scraping together $600 of their own and borrowing $600 more from the Braille Institute, they rented a tiny storeroom and installed three looms. In January, 1947, they opened for business with a single employee—blind Blaine McDowell.

The partners worked 16 hours a day. "Friends said we'd be washed up in a year," Bauer recalls. Instead, by the end of the year Blind Industries needed more room.

The company now occupies 10,000 square feet in a building near busy Wilshire Boulevard. The factory looks like any small plant, except for minor concessions to the fact that most of its workers cannot see.

In place of a stairway, there is a ramp. Shipping tags are made out both in pencil and in Braille. Machines have special guards to prevent injury to the blind craftsmen who run them.

In the rug department, a row of wooden bins typifies how the partners solved tricky problems. Unable to sort one color of rug yarn from another, they used to grope their way to the street with handfuls of yarn and ask passers-by to tell them which color was which.

Now each color has a separate bin. And each is labeled in Braille.

Most blind workshops require sighted helpers to wind the looms. But Bauer has invented a special winder which the blind can operate.

The head of the rug department —William Knight—is blind. When their GI son sailed for Japan a year ago, Mrs. Knight, who is also blind, came to work as a rug tier. "Working here is the best remedy for worry," she says serenely.

Strelow and Bauer are aiming at a $500,000-a-year turnover employing 100 blind people. They feel their success is due not to public sympathy but to the fact that they produce quality merchandise in the best tradition of American competitive enterprise. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce must have had this in mind when it said of them: "They have proved it is not necessary to have eyesight to have foresight—that ideas, wise management, and energetic labor can conquer the obstacles of darkness."

Suppose It Happened to You? (Solution to problem on page 31)

Smith took off his jacket and covered the chimney. Soon the smoke backed down into the living room below. The family came out to see what was wrong. When they saw Smith on the roof, they helped the half-frozen man down.

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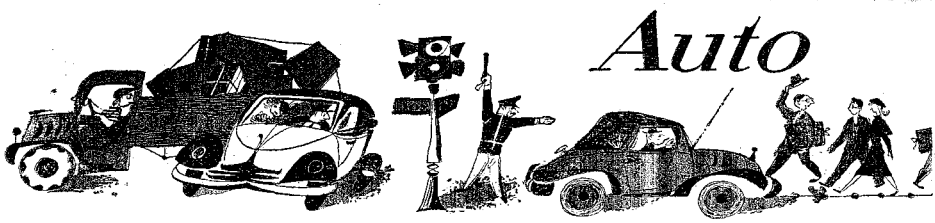

THE TRAFFIC COP stepped over to the woman driver he had just waved to the curb. "When I saw you coming down the street," he barked, "I said to myself, 'Fifty at least.' "

"But, officer, you're wrong," protested the lady. "This hat I'm wearing makes me look much older than I really am." —HELEN ANDREWS

BE A PATIENT pedestrian—don't be a pedestrian patient!

—*Armstrong Tire News*

TOO MUCH of this world is run on the theory that you don't need road manners if you are driving a five-ton truck. —*Katy Employees Magazine*

CHEAP CARS just don't exist any more. There are only two kinds—the expensive and the out-of-the-question. Once upon a time every American youngster dreamed of growing up to be a millionaire and owning his own car. Now he's got to make a choice. —PRISCILLA KENNETH

TODAY'S MOTORIST is a person who, after seeing an accident, drives carefully for several blocks. —*Contact*

WE ARE TOLD that the reason ministers never buy secondhand automobiles is because they don't have the vocabulary to run them.

—*Sunshine Magazine*

ASKED TO DRAW UP a list of factors contributing most to highway safety, the executive of a leading motor corporation headed his list with one word: "Courtesy."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

"BUT YOUR HONOR," protested the meek little man, "I *couldn't* have passed that red light as the officer charges."

"And why not?" inquired the magistrate.

"My wife was with me, sir, and when she's with me there's nothing can appear on the road without her telling me about it—a dog, a cat, and especially a red light. She is unquestionably the finest back-seat driver in the world—so you see, Your Honor, it couldn't possibly have happened." —PATRICIA GATELY

SMITH WAS proudly showing his new sedan to his neighbor.

"I'd driven the old car only 8,000 miles and it was still good as new," he explained. "But, of course, it was hopelessly out of date as soon as this new and improved model came out."

"How is the new model different?" asked the neighbor.

"Why, you can see it at a glance. The automatic cigarette lighter is an inch nearer the steering wheel this year." —*Swing*

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Intelligence

DRIVING UP to an Indiana filling station, a woman motorist complained that her car was lurching and bucking. Noticing that the choke was out, the station attendant asked her if she knew what it was used for.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure," she replied. "But I always pull it out to hang my purse on when I drive."

—HAROLD HELFER

IN CALIFORNIA a pedestrian has the right of way—when he's in Arizona. —RED SKELTON

AN OLD-TIMER is one who remembers away back when it cost more to operate a car than to park one.

—NAT CAMPBELL

WHETHER IT's on the road or in an argument, when you start seeing red, stop! —IRVING HOFFMAN

AN AUSTRALIAN sheep farmer, having received a huge check for his wool, bought a Rolls-Royce for some $25,000. When he brought it back to the garage to have it serviced, the salesman asked if he was thoroughly satisfied with it.

"Oh, yes," said the farmer. "And I especially like that glass partition you put between the front seat and the back."

"Why?" asked the salesman.

"Because," said the farmer, "it stops the sheep from licking the back of my neck when I'm taking them to market." —*Yorkshire Post*

THE SISTERS were taken before the judge by a motorcycle policeman. "I see," said the magistrate, "that according to this ticket, you were driving through a 40-mile zone at 50 miles an hour."

"Well, what of it?" said one girl. "The dealer who sold us the car said we could go as fast as we liked after the first thousand miles."

—FRANCES RODMAN

WITH HEADLIGHTS getting brighter and brighter, and some of those who drive the cars behind them getting less and less considerate of those who are driving towards the glare, a trick learned by the British during the last war may be helpful to remember. The trick consists of closing one eye when a brilliant light approaches, and opening it again when the car has passed. The eye you closed will have retained its sensitivity to darkness and will guide you until the momentary blindness in the other eye has passed.

—MARY ALKUS

EVERYTHING COMES to him who waits; except, of course, a taxicab on a rainy night. —*Wall Street Journal*

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The Fireman Who Conquered Niagara

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Tense and exciting was Edward Cassidy's desperate battle to save a boy from being swept to death in the treacherous rapids

ALTHOUGH HE HAS lived all his life within earshot of Niagara's deafening roar, Carmen J. Zarrillo, Jr., shivers whenever anyone mentions the famous falls. He can never forget a terrible day nine years ago when Niagara almost claimed him a victim. Nor can he forget that he owes his life to the heroism of a neighbor in the little town of Niagara Falls, New York.

It was a hot July afternoon in 1943 when 14-year-old Carmen Zarrillo and three teen-age playmates, Joseph Travis, Frank Tedesco, and Edward Dworak, set out looking for adventure. Their destination was the Three Sister Islands, bits of land that stretch into the west branch of Niagara River.

Carefree and happy, the quartet bicycled over to Goat Island, from which vantage point tourists view the torrent rushing toward the Falls with their 168-foot drop. From Goat Island, they pedaled across a narrow footbridge onto the first of the Three Sisters, 1,000 feet above Horseshoe Falls. There, abandoning their bikes, the four

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wandered about the isles, awed by the plunging, white-capped torrent which hurtled toward the precipice.

First, Carmen, Joe, Frank, and Ed competed to see who could throw rocks furthest into the swirling stream. Then they amused themselves by skipping from rock to rock at the water's edge.

Carmen was wearing sneakers, excellent for dry surfaces but affording little grip on boulders. As he prepared to hop to another stone, he slipped and plunged backward into the boiling current.

Hearing Carmen's alarmed yell, his friends rushed to the water's edge. Horror-stricken and helpless, they watched their friend being hurtled to certain death.

Suddenly, they saw Carmen stop. His outstretched hands had grasped a submerged stone. Then he moved his foot around until it jammed against another rock.

Still his friends watched, paralyzed by fright. Finally, Frankie Tedesco started off for help. He had run only a few steps when he turned and, with his right hand, made a large Sign of the Cross toward Carmen. The boy in the rapids, seeing Frankie's motion, smiled. Then he began to pray . . .

"A BOY IN TROUBLE above Horseshoe Falls!" The emergency call jolted into action several firemen lounging in front of Firehouse No. 1, four blocks from Goat Island. Fireman Edward J. Cassidy, with his father and two other fire fighters, jumped aboard Hook and Ladder Truck No. 1.

By the time they reached the shore, a small crowd had gathered to stare at the hapless boy marooned in the swift current. Cassidy, 36-year-old veteran of two previous rescues from Niagara Falls, slipped a half-inch rope about his waist and eased his 200 pounds into the water.

Weighted with regulation firemen's boots and dragging the rope behind him, Cassidy started out into the stream. No sooner had he deserted land than a wave spun him off his feet and propelled him, sputtering and floundering, downstream.

Clawing for support, he stood up, balancing precariously atop a boulder. Then he was off again—now leaping, now stumbling, now swimming—toward the pathetic figure scarcely 1,000 feet above the terrible drop.

Meanwhile, Cassidy's colleagues on shore anchored the end of his 100-foot rope to a sturdy tree and played it out hand over hand.

Pitting his strength against the brute force of tons of water, Cassidy moved closer and closer to Carmen. Finally, after 20 minutes, he reached a point opposite and to the right of the frightened boy.

"Hang on, or you'll go over the falls," Cassidy shouted above the tumult. The boy stared glumly, shook his head, and yelled back: "You better not come over here, or you'll go over the falls, too!"

"Never mind that," the fireman reassured him. "We're both in the same boat now."

In the 30-foot channel separating Cassidy and Carmen rushed a deep, swift current—a particularly vicious stretch of rapids. While helpers on shore attached two more 100-foot lengths to the lifesaving strand, Cassidy cautiously maneuvered toward the youth. Pulling

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himself from one protruding rock to the next, he closed the gap.

Finally, his tortured lungs gasping for breath, Cassidy reached the boy. Hauling in as much slack as he could, he threw a soggy loop about Carmen's waist. "Keep your arms down now!" he ordered.

But the worst of the ordeal lay ahead. Tied to young Zarrillo with several feet of rope, Fireman Cassidy prepared to make the perilous trip back to shore. Fiercely he struggled upstream, the current swirling about his shoulders. As he won temporary foothold atop each rock, he would halt and pull Carmen after him.

By now the half-hour battle had begun to weaken Cassidy. His legs ached, his arms felt their strength slipping away. But he doggedly floundered toward shore.

Fifty feet. Forty feet. Thirty feet. Then Cassidy felt the rope about his waist slip to his ankles. Stooping to pull it loose, he stepped into a hole in the rocky shelf. Pounding water tore his boots off savagely.

And as the fireman stumbled and fell, the rope lost its slack. With one hand he groped for a rock, tugging at the thin strand with the other. Both rescuer and victim disappeared beneath the waves. Cassidy clutched awkwardly for a boulder, his right hand still gripping the rope. Two rocks stopped the fireman's progress downstream.

Jerking wildly, he struggled to free himself. Just then the current tore Carmen from his own rocky perch and bore him 50 feet closer to the falls.

The taut line stopped the boy's flight, but threw Cassidy off his feet. Together they swept downstream while onlookers watched helplessly. But as the two moved toward the brink, they also edged closer to Little Brother Island and shallow water.

Both fought to regain their footings, succeeding within several feet of shore. Bruised and exhausted, they were hauled to dry land by dozens of outstretched hands.

"Thank God, he's off my hands now!" Cassidy panted.

Carmen sloshed his way over to his rescuer, stuck out a trembling hand and said, "Thanks, Mister." Then he turned toward Frank Tedesco and muttered, "We'd better get away from here. They might want my name."

Back home, Carmen Zarrillo concealed details of the escape from his parents, who learned the story later only from newspapers and radio broadcasts.

For his bravery and courage, Fireman Cassidy was awarded the U. S. Coast Guard Medal for Heroism in May, 1946. But from Carmen's parents he would accept only a gift of $10 to replace the boots he lost during the rescue.

The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.
—*The Clearing House.*

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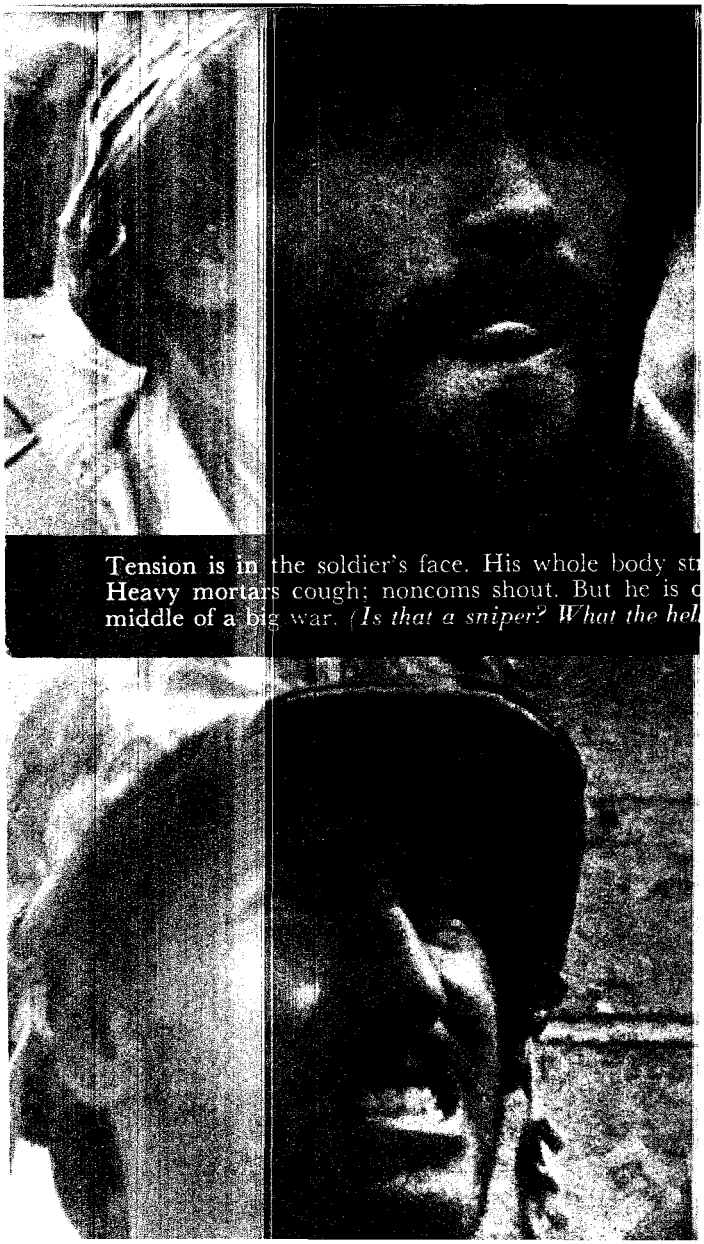

Tension is in the soldier's face. His whole body st
Heavy mortars cough; noncoms shout. But he is
middle of a big war. *(Is that a sniper? What the hel*

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(It's him or me.) Instinctively, he slaps the rifle to his shoulder. Suddenly, the noise is deafening. *(Concentrate . . . squeeze that trigger . . . him or me.)* He fires once, twice—and it's him.

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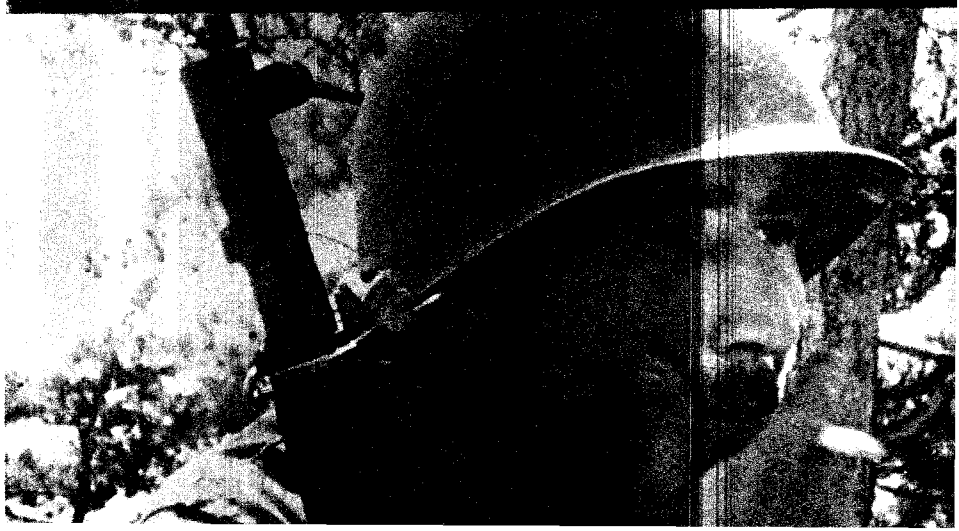
War is like that for a foot soldier: he gets up and goes, or he hugs the earth, waiting for the barrage to lift. There's no future for a man in a shell hole. There's only this hill . . . and then the next one.



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